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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT - - Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL
REVIEWS by Kenneth Hare, Osbert Burdett, Douglas Goldring, Brian Lunn, Sir Charles Petrie, Montgomery Belgion, Anthony Ludovici.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

JULY, 1935

MR. BALDWIN'S third administration has had a lukewarm reception, but its weaknesses are those inherent in Coalition Government, and only very captious critics will find much to complain of, granted the circumstances. The circumstances, however, call for comment. Coalitions, whether they be of parties as in 1915 or merely of politicians as to-day, multiply the claims on patronage, and by so doing close the avenue of promotion to younger men. If opportunities are accorded to them to any marked extent, the inevitable result is the collapse of the administration owing to the presence in the House of Commons of more men of reputation and experience outside than inside the administration. The National Government has been singularly fortunate so far, in that the elder statesmen outside its ranks have been bitterly divided among themselves on their principal measure—the India Bill. Mr. Baldwin clearly realizes, however, that this state of affairs is unlikely to continue in the next Parliament and has wisely decided not to multiply the numbers of his potential critics by any drastic admission of new blood. We are, in fact back to the Eighteenth Century political system, when party differences were so small that almost all statesmen of experience were candidates for office in every administration. The advantage of this system is a great continuity of policy. Its disadvantage is an inevitable and growing gap between the personnel of the successive administrations and their electorate. By the time the "young men" get into positions of real influence and responsibility they will be middle-aged. The result, unless we are careful, will be the same as at the end of the Eighteenth—and the beginning of the Nineteenth—centuries, when all reform-

ing energies and all new political movements found their sponsors outside Parliament. I wonder if this is what the front benchers, who were shivering in their shoes at Sir Oswald Mosley a year ago really desire to bring about?

The Statute of Westminster

THE decay of Parliamentary Government was never more forcefully illustrated than in the matter of the Statute of Westminster. This far-reaching constitutional document was recommended to the House of Commons by the Government of the day in the understanding that it did not give the Irish Free State legal power to revoke their Treaty with Great Britain. It has now been decided by the highest judicial tribunal in the Empire that that is precisely the right which is conferred by that Act. We do not suggest for a moment either that the Government's original statement on this point was unequivocal or that they had reason to anticipate the quite unqualified interpretation which would, in fact, be given to the Statute by the courts. It is, however, certain that if the House of Commons had realized that the Statute gave the Irish Free State—finally and irrevocably—the power to repudiate the Treaty lawfully, the Act embodying the Treaty would have been excepted from the provisions of the Act of 1926. Parliament, in fact, was lax in the discharge of its responsibilities; a clear and absolutely definite ruling should have been obtained or the Statute of Westminster should have been amended. What is even more striking, however, than the failure of the House in 1926, is its indifference today. The House of Commons has apparently completely lost its desire to govern. It no longer regards itself as the nation in miniature, but as a Committee of delegates whose constitutional duty is to support—or oppose—a group of politicians. This may be a good or bad theory of government, but it means the end of Parliamentary Government as we know it.

It means the autocracy of the political caucuses, subject to periodical plebiscites.

The "Times" and Interloping Candidates

HOW far we have got along this road is evident from the tirade against "interloping candidates" which has even been supported by *The Times*. It is inherent in Parliamentary Government that any Englishman shall have the right to present himself for election in any constituency. It is quite unconstitutional to regard an election as an occasion on which the electorate pronounce judgment for or against a policy or caucus. An elector should be concerned neither with the men in a government or with its measures, but with the free, unfettered choice of representatives. It is now suggested that only the Government and the official opposition have any real right to put up candidates, and that the old rule of courtesy, whereby a member of Parliament did not speak in a constituency represented by a fellow member of the same party, shall be used to prevent such bodies as the India Defence League putting their views freely before the public. Whether we are in favour of the Government's India policy or not, and however anxious we may be to secure by concerted action the defeat of the Socialist party at the next election, we must ask whether these developments in constitutional theory and political practice are likely to maintain the prestige of Parliamentary institutions? The answer is to be found in the facts. Already, to a great extent, the House of Commons has come to regard itself as a Committee of delegates tied by a "mandate," "Loyalty" on a statesman's lips is no longer a duty owed by its citizens to his King, but a debt owed by a hack to a politician who has found him a seat.

What does the Public think?

HOW long will it be before the public take the same view of the present nature and decay of our system

of government? If we were supporters of Mr. Pollitt or Sir Oswald Mosley, we should rejoice in this inevitable drift of public opinion. As it is we deplore it, but at the same time we sympathize with it. Such incidents as the passing—almost without discussion—of Unemployment Assistance regulations, which turned out to be not only unjust but unworkable, have shaken the confidence of the public not in the Government (for Cabinet Ministers are expected to make mistakes), but in Parliament, whose specific job it is to prevent their mistakes passing into law. Mr. Oliver Stanley is unlikely to do it again, but the public can have little confidence that their alleged representatives are likely to be any more vigilant, intelligent, or independent in the future than in the past. The result will be seen in heavy abstentions at the next election. If Mr. Baldwin can by wise and timely reforms restore the prestige and efficiency of Parliament he will perform the service most needed to-day and essential to the preservation of our liberties.

The Naval Agreement

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S first act as Foreign Secretary has been the emphatic repudiation before the world of the last words of his predecessor, Sir John Simon, who had denounced so emphatically the unilateral denunciation of treaties. His successor has lost no time in not merely condoning this alleged breach of international law, but in committing a precisely similar breach (if it be so) in amending a treaty without consultation with all its signatories. Does this mean that when British interests are at stake no nonsense about international law is worth a moment's consideration? That is how Sir Samuel's "gesture" has been interpreted in Rome. Or does it rather mean that the inherently ridiculous doctrine enunciated by Sir John Simon is no longer the doctrine of the British Foreign Office? In this case the Foreign Secretary is to be very heartily congratulated on his courage and intellectual honesty—two virtues

which have not been to the fore in British foreign policy for many years. Naturally a breach of a treaty is a breach of international law, but if a treaty cannot lawfully be denounced except by agreement among all the parties, it means that if and when the provisions of a treaty become, by changed circumstances or through some default, inequitable to one party while unduly advantageous to the other, the injustice can, in fact, only be remedied by war. In fact, the new diplomatic dispensation would become merely an organization for making justice obtainable only by fighting.

The Naval Agreement

IT is already clear to the world that Germany, in denouncing the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty was taking the only possible course, except war, which was open to her if a manifest and admitted injustice was to be removed. Sir Samuel Hoare's prompt acceptance of the German suggestion for a naval agreement was a recognition of the *fait accompli* which no one seriously criticizes. The French Government, of course, were kept fully informed of what we were proposing to do and invited to forward their views. They delayed doing so for reasons of their own. Naturally, we do not know what these were, but we may guess that the new French Government, insecure as it is, saw no reason either for protesting vigorously against what we wished to do or for accepting any responsibility for it. This action of the French Government was certainly very reasonable, and their expressions of regret may be regarded as a diplomatic manœuvre more closely related to the negotiations regarding Abyssinia than to the naval situation. From a technical standpoint the form of the agreement and the substance are alike unexceptionable. Some comment has been caused by the apparently generous provisions of the agreement in regard to submarines. It must be remembered, however, that the submarine is an important weapon for coastal defence as well as for attacking trade

routes, and also that Russia has a relatively powerful force of submarines in the Baltic. It is to be hoped, moreover, that we have not forgotten that late in 1917, we rediscovered in convoy an effective answer to the submarine war on commerce. It is true that we should be at present quite unable to provide convoys for our trade owing to lack of suitable vessels for the purpose, but the ready agreement of the British Board of Admiralty to Germany's request regarding submarine tonnage is, we presume, an indication that this defect in our defence system is going to be remedied immediately. Conservatives will no doubt take an early opportunity of obtaining an assurance on this point from the First Lord.

The Future of the League

THE Abyssinian question is the most serious which the League has yet had to face. In the cases of Manchuria and the Versailles Treaty the League's impotence could be and was substituted by effective action outside the League machinery which, in its results, accorded with the needs of the case. The only damage was to the League's prestige. The action taken without its sanction was to the world's advantage. Opinions may differ, and do, as to whether the gain outran the loss; the view of the majority on this point was coloured by their estimate of the potential value of the League as a positive force for removing injustices on its own initiative. For ourselves, we have always felt that while the League might well be an invaluable instrument for settling some kinds of disputes (such as the recent Jugo-Slav-Hungarian dispute), it was inherently incapable by its constitution of taking the initiative in removing injustices arising not out of some action or event which suddenly creates a new situation, but out of the normal situation as determined by the pre-existing treaties and engagements of the Powers concerned.

Holding this view, we felt that if Japan had accepted the League's ruling in Manchuria, and if Germany had

returned to the Disarmament Conference, the situation in both cases would only have got worse and the ultimate solution would still have had to be found outside the machinery of the League. Most of the necessary changes in the framework of international society have been accomplished not by wars or by " consent," but by acts of peaceful initiative accepted by the common sense of the world as in general conformity with the requirements of the case. For very few of these acts could formal consent have been secured by negotiation. Europe would never have " agreed " to the Monroe doctrine if it had been consulted in advance, nor could the British Régime in Egypt ever have been based on a prior arrangement with all the interested parties. Still less could the question of inter-allied debts have been settled except by the simple process of default. The attempt, in fact, to make international law cover the whole field of international relationship would be as fatal and as foolish as an attempt to govern all human relationships by law. The result of such an attempt, in the sphere of ordinary social life, would be the introduction of the caste system and of the worst absurdities of tribal taboos at the same time. The attempt as made in the sphere of international politics was equally foredoomed to failure.

The Abyssinian dispute and its significance

THE dispute between Italy and Abyssinia is not, however, inherent in the geographical or economic relationship of the two countries. It is essentially the kind of quarrel on which the League can adjudicate, and which ought to be adjudicated upon. It is being used, as countless similar disputes have been used in the past, as an excuse for a grandiose imperial adventure. The League has temporized too long and is now for the first time in its career likely to be confronted with a *fait accompli* which it cannot accept because the world's sympathies will be on the side not of Italy, but of Abyssinia. If the League attempts to coerce Italy,

Italy will leave the League; if the League tries to save its face by inducing Abyssinia to cede a province or a " sphere of influence," the League will lose the whole of its remaining prestige. The third possibility is the quiet withdrawal of the Italian army with some formula of satisfaction for insults received. Even this solution, which seems unattainable, would have serious drawbacks for the blow to the prestige of the Italian Régime would in that case be so severe that a dangerous internal situation might be created. The advance in Abyssinia is acutely unpopular; a precipitate retreat under threats from the League would be even more so, yet if the League lends itself to a settlement which Italy will readily accept, little will be left of the League. It will have degenerated into an organization for providing on easy terms supplies of moral unction to oil the wheels of those old diplomatic methods which we had imagined dead and buried. For we must be honest. Ill-governed though Abyssinia has been, it provides no parallel whatsoever to China, where the atrocities committed and the sufferings imposed on the mass of the people in the last seventeen years were worse than anything in the whole recorded history of Western Europe. To these sufferings the League showed itself callously indifferent. It is paying a heavy penalty to-day in the world's indifference to its difficulties in a situation from which it must emerge with credit or forfeit its whole chance of effective survival. But let us hope for the unexpected and work for the best, even if it be unattainable.

British Interests in Abyssinia

THERE are, of course, vital British interests involved in Abyssinia, since the control of the Nile waters is in the hands of that country. Our own relations with the Abyssinian Government have not been altogether happy in this matter. It is clear that we could never acquiesce in the conquest of Abyssinia even by a friendly European Power. In this matter Abyssinia stands to

Egypt as the Low Countries stand to England. Any deliberate effort by one great Power to place herself in a position not naturally hers from which a vital blow can be struck at another Power must always be regarded as a direct provocation to war. No peace reorganization can mitigate the consequence of such an action; its task must be to prevent it in the first place.

Our Own Times

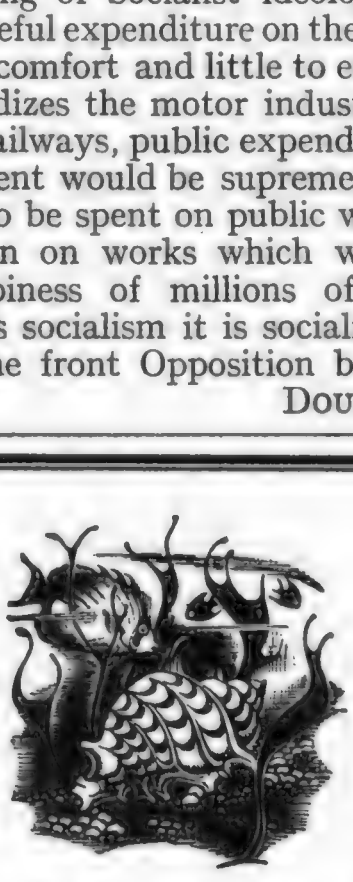
THIS month the second volume of Commander Stephen King-Hall's history of "Our Own Times" has been published. It is an important summary of political and economic events since 1913, and if only for its admirable chronology and index would be indispensable to everyone concerned with public affairs. As a work of history it is, on its narrative side, distinguished by accuracy and impartiality. And the author has made his name as one of the few masters of lucid exposition of historical and economic problems. Of the value of the author's judgments on the historical, intellectual and economic forces which the statesmen of the future will have to control or to which they will have to surrender, there is room for much difference of opinion. We propose to return to this subject next month.

The Government and Public Works.

THE great programme of railway development which the Government has decided to assist is very long overdue, but whether the companies will get their money back is another matter. The problem of suburban traffic is, in plain fact, insoluble. Either the rush-hour traffic is carried in comfort and at a loss, or profitably in extreme discomfort. The multiplication of facilities, if it is to pay, must increase the traffic in rough proportion to the increase in facilities, and it may even in practice, increase it disproportionately. The admirable Southern railway suburban system is a case in point. Overcrowding during the rush hours has become habitual on

many lines of that system in recent years because the excellence of the service has stimulated housing developments in Kent and added immensely to the rush-hour load. It is curious that the Socialists who take up so many bad cases have never pleaded the case of the suburban worker. Perhaps because they wear black-coats and bowler hats they are not regarded as workers within the meaning of Socialist ideology. By comparison with the wasteful expenditure on the main roads which adds nothing to comfort and little to economic efficiency but merely subsidizes the motor industry at the expense of the main line railways, public expenditure on suburban railway development would be supremely justifiable. If public money is to be spent on public works it cannot be better spent than on works which would add to the health and happiness of millions of individual tax-payers. If this is socialism it is socialism of a kind not preached from the front Opposition bench.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.



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The Political Dethronement of God

By J. D. Gregory

NEVER was there an age in which there was less justification for rank atheism than the present. The materialistic dogmatism of fifty years ago has steadily lost ground before an increasing scepticism as to its validity. The perennial conflict between religion and science has assumed a less positive form: their mutual spheres of interest are more clearly defined; theories and facts are no longer confused to the same extent; above all, the one is recognized to contain its mysteries as well as the other. A Bertrand Russell may enunciate an analysis of matter, which excludes the possibility of a metaphysic; rationalist societies may still flourish; but on the whole, for the multitude, religion must nowadays be at least an open question. Its conclusions may lead no further than a vague theism. It may take no account of the nature, still less the attributes, of God, except that possibly He is a mathematician or even an artist. The relation between transcendentalism and immanentism may lead to confusion; but it can now be debated without ridicule. There is, in fact, a growing suspicion that the powers of the will, the memory and the intelligence still remain unfathomable, in other words, that the problem is not yet solved, the secret of the drama not yet revealed.

It is paradoxical therefore that there should coincide with this evident, if not by any means unanimous, reflux, a concerted movement, hitherto unknown in the world's history, to destroy all theistic values, insisting that religion is not an open question, or, according to the Marxian formula, a private affair. This movement is not to be confounded with the widespread agnosticism, anti-clericalism or indifference to religion or traditional morals, which is characteristic of our times. It is all the stranger, because for a good half century there has been

no disposition, with the exception of a few obsolete Blasphemy Laws, legally to dispute the materialistic standpoint that any individual or group of individuals might see fit to proclaim publicly. The materialistic explanation of the Universe has been set out for decades in a thousand technical or popular forms for the edification of anybody who can read. It is there to take or leave. The data, on which to base conclusions, one way or the other, can be had for sixpence at any railway bookstall.

The new anti-God campaign is consequently neither philosophical, not scientific, but purely political. It has set out not to deny, but to abolish God. The Russian caricatures significantly depict His dethronement, after the manner of earthly monarchs or captains of industry.

The movement is political, because it is primarily based on the conception that the existence of God is incompatible with the emancipation and consequent domination of a single class, commonly known as the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. God and capitalism are regarded as identical in principle and practice. The absurdity of this proposition does not need demonstration, but the appeal to the masses has been contagious. The promoters have naturally called in the aid of scientific materialism to support their dogmatism, but this is so manifestly in the nature of ancillary propaganda that it loses half its value as a cogent argument. The real motive of the campaign is undisguisedly economic, and to that extent may rest on a certain sincerity among a section of the leaders, who have temperamentally no use for metaphysics or abstract philosophy. The argument is, of course, that the individual will never contribute his quota to the reconstruction of terrestrial society so long as he has one eye cocked on the celestial. The notion of the immortality of the soul, with its corollary, the dignity of the human person with rights, is therefore anti-social. There is room only for needs and forces. Incidentally, the fallacy is demonstrable by the high efficiency of

industrialism in, for instance, Westphalia or Dutch Limburg. But, in effect, it is the old Roman resistance to religion, and not only to the Christian religion, but even to such sects as the Pythagorean, served up in another form. The other-wordly people of those times were bad members of the State; those of to-day bad cogs in the Machine. Further, the proletarian Machine is more inexorable even than the Imperialist State. "We hate Christians," Lunacharski has said, "they preach the love of our neighbours, and mercy, which is contrary to our principles." Nevertheless, there is a distinction between religion as such and academic theism, which involves various conceptions of God excluding charity and mercy. Yet every form of the spiritual, even the most attenuated Kantianism, is barred by the decrees of the anti-God headquarters. It is pontifically proclaimed that mind is simply a product of matter and entirely subject to its laws, that God does not exist, that there is no other life but that of the body, that every notion contrary to scientific truth must be expunged, that there is no sense in searching for any other truth, that any suggestion that knowledge can be only relatively true must be repudiated, that there can be no compromise with the spiritual in any form, and, above all, that religion is a bourgeois absurdity. The ideal men of the future are to be "internationalists against God as against Capital." The Machine requires, in fact, only automata.

The movement is political, because it is exclusively bound up with a political party or parties, and because it depends on the decrees of an executive, which are variable according to circumstances. The original maxim of Marx, that religion is a private matter, held the field for the best part of fifty years, and, though it was based on pure opportunism, namely, for the purpose of securing recruits for socialism from the still Christian and Jewish proletariat, it did nevertheless ensure at least the principle of toleration. It was only in 1905 that it appeared safe

to throw the doctrine overboard and to go straight for undiluted atheism as a basis for membership of the Communist Party. The movement notoriously had its roots in Germany, although its doctrine was to some extent borrowed from France, and dates back to the third and fourth decades of the last century. It is mainly associated with the names of Engels and Marx, the latter of whom invented the phrase "opium of the People." It later came under the influence of Bakunin, with his Phantom God, but its driving force remained in Germany, where in the seventies Liebknecht and Bebel proclaimed that "Christianity and Socialism stand opposed to one another like fire and water." After them came Dietzgen, who was one of the first to propound that a religious man was "a useless member of society." Finally, since the War there have arisen a number of more active militants, of whom the best known is Friedrich Krasser, who have taken to propaganda by jingling rhymes, such as, "If the parson hits you with cross or crozier, whack him back with telescope and spectrum."

The Russian enormities are too well known to need reiteration, and they have lately reached absurdity in the production by the State Confectionery Trust of chocolate tablets, stamped with anti-religious designs. The campaign in the rest of Europe, however, is equally persistent but, because less spectacular and less outwardly murderous, has largely escaped attention. It is therefore significant to note that, according to the latest statistics, there are about four million members of the Free-thinking International, scattered through various lands, under the direction of Moscow, of whom four hundred thousand are in Germany, with only twenty thousand in the Free-thinking Opposition camp. It is also necessary to note 1929 as the year in which the campaign became intensive. An international programme was drawn up under the inspiration of the notorious Jaroslawsky, which includes propaganda by means of anti-religious

films and exhibitions as well as a liberal distribution of literature. Particular attention is paid to the de-religionizing of children, and there are already in circulation over sixty juvenile publications with this end, for distribution in all European countries, Asia and South America.

To a great extent, therefore, anti-religion is now pitted in regular warfare against religion, or rather one Church is pitted against another, since Communism has gradually assumed the form of a definite materialistic Church. It is this sense of a sort of inverted ecclesiastical society, its institutionalism in fact, that constitutes its strength. It is this which accounts for its hatred of a rival and stimulates its strife to emulate and outdo a dethroned God, namely, to create a personality free from human weakness and suffering. No God, it asserts, can effect the redemption of man: only man himself. Thus at the same time a new mysticism has arisen, which reveals possibly the inherent genius of the movement, as well perhaps as the germs of its decay. This conception of a necessary redemption proves more than anything its pervading Russo-German, but particularly German, spirit: since it has obsessed German thought, believing and unbelieving, from Hauff, Wagner and Nietzsche, and much earlier, to the ultra-moderns. Incidentally this explains the paradox why Nietzsche in our day has become almost a pillar of orthodoxy.

But, though this mystic strain may exist for certain minds, the basic fact remains that the campaign issues from a purely political creed. No doubt it springs from a pathetic craze to renew the face of a world that has lived in darkness from its origin, and, in the desire to make all things new, it has borrowed from an upstart intellectual school, partly American, which teaches that man has only begun to think within the last few decades. According to this school, all the achievements of European—and, for that matter, Eastern—thought are to go by the board at one fell swoop. The long line of culture is to count

for nothing. The great names are to disappear from history. There is to be a complete *tabula rasa*.

It is this perhaps that most differentiates the new movement from the individualistic, though also militant, free-thought in France. It is true that the egregious Monsieur de Monzie has just circulated in the French schools a laicized Encyclopædia, which is a pure anachronism—and this in the face of Bergson's " Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion," published almost simultaneously; but there is nothing new, in either principle or methods, about the conflict between Belief and Unbelief in France. For full four centuries it has been fought out, but fair and square (where party politics have not intervened for some ephemeral advantage), and the end is not yet. At all events it follows traditional lines.

It remains to be seen what kind of reaction, if any, is being opposed to one of the most insidious campaigns that Europe has yet had to encounter. The possible consequences, public and private, are so grave that they do not need stressing.

It is, in the first place, necessary to emphasize that the public conscience is in no way stirred. One need only point to Russia, Spain, Mexico, Palestine and China. Allowing for sectarian and commercial prejudice, it is still remarkable that the main issue should be so completely ignored, except for a few ineffectual protest-meetings organized with great difficulty by the few honest clerics. The League of Nations, which is alleged to rest on some vague kind of ethical basis, has apparently no objection to the wholesale corruption of children. Monsieur Herriot, always the hail-fellow-well-met, flings his arms round the neck of Citizen Sadoul. There is, however, ample historical precedent for refusal by the Powers to combine against a common cultural danger. Nevertheless, let it be remembered to the credit of Lord Curzon—although, as in all similar cases, issues were inevitably mixed—that he was roused to an actual

ultimatum to Moscow consequent on the memorable Good Friday of 1923, when the Passion was bloodily re-enacted in the dungeons of the Cheka.

Clearly the mainsprings for defensive measures of this kind are lacking. The reaction must be looked for in another sphere, and should not be long in coming. The future relations of Man and the Machine, on which to a great extent the issue depends, require a study to themselves. They have been impartially examined in an illuminating essay by one of the rising young French writers of the day, Monsieur Daniel Rops. Suffice it to say briefly here that the universal material well-being of mankind, which economic communism postulates, appears as Utopian as any previous scheme for the creation of an earthly paradise. If nothing else intervenes to frustrate it, rationalization certainly will. The time therefore must come, if indeed its advent has not already dawned on large sections of the industrial class, that material well-being is not obtainable on this planet. The destiny of Man must therefore be sought elsewhere.

The Continent has this advantage over us that the conflict between Belief and Unbelief has long since been open and undisguised, and that it deals with both professionally. Also it is organized for the fray. The cheap sectarianism that in England characterizes all controversy for and against, and from which not a single denomination or school of thought or free-thought is free —ranging from propaganda in favour of reunion, or conversion, to the atheistic trash of Naomi Mitchison—does not go to the root of the problem. Yet it may be that the time is not far off when, even at home, there will be persecution, when it will become necessary to overhaul advertised convictions, born and bred in comfortable prosperity, and see whether they are not labels after all. Abroad the issue goes deeper and permeates every fibre of human nature. It is life itself, visibly damaged at the source and tempest-tossed at all times, that is at stake. The increasing suicides are symptomatic of economic

despair. Never more than to-day has it been so evident that the lot of man is tragedy and suffering. The pictures given us by Léon Bloy and Bernanos of human misery, unsustained by faith in the divine, are true of humanity at large. It is under this stress that the relation of morals and religion fall into their place. Failure in one, however deplorable, does not entail the abandonment of the other. On the contrary, the more hideous that are the complications of life, the harder that it becomes to square theory with practice, the greater is the urge to cling on to the other-worldly. Indeed, so much does the fact of moral, no less than material, suffering intensify the need of redemption, that inconsistency itself almost becomes a supernatural virtue. Dope—it will be answered—our old friend, the opium of the people. The gibe is profoundly untrue. There is religious dope, of course, but its essence is sham devotionalism and the luxurious egoism of spiritual direction. It is not dope when men, searching the depths of their being, find a dim light shining in the interior darkness. It is then that they realize that the economic man is heartless and that in the long run the heart cannot be killed. If it ever is, it will be the end of humanity as such, and then it is no use bothering any more.

Some years ago, when motors took the place of carriages, there was an ancient coachman, long in the service of a distinguished English house, whom the pressure of circumstances forced to abandon his horses and learn the new trade of driving a large Daimler. Asked whether he was not happier in his change of occupation, he sighed thoughtfully. "I suppose it's all right," he murmured, "it's a beautiful car, and I am proud to look after it. But you can't *love* a thing like that, can you?"

The Revival of Romance

By G. S. Fraser

ODDLY enough, I do not talk well. I have my brilliant and surprising phrases ready and eager in my mind, but somehow they do not get spoken. They poise on my front teeth like nervous, novice divers; at length they decide that the water is too cold and creep back down my throat. So when the old gentleman to whom I was introduced at some afternoon party last week, an imposing old gentleman with a beard, assured me that the romantic spirit in literature was irremediably dead, I said nothing, I looked wise merely, and pretended to be occupied by a cream-cake. Nobody else dared to contradict the old gentleman, and one lady said that she found the best modern fiction terribly dry and cynical, that she read chiefly second-rate and popular novelists, because they at least were human. Some silly woman said that she thought modern novelists were awfully "naughty"—one could hear the inverted commas in her pronounciation of this word, and one presumed that it was a pretty euphemism for "pornographic" or "bawdy"—and another lady said yes, she had heard that this was so, and she had read a few modern novels to see, but either the report of the naughtiness of modern novels was singularly exaggerated, or her choices had been singularly unlucky. We all laughed broad-mindedly, and somebody introduced a new subject, the proper way to make coffee. But just as I was about to go, the old gentleman said to me, "Don't you agree with them, young man? Isn't modern literature as withered and dry, or as noisy and crude and vulgar, as modern life? Isn't sensibility dead," he asked me enthusiastically, "isn't style dead, isn't romance dead?" "I suppose they all died with Baroness Orczy," I said to him rather rudely, "in 1929."

I was not surprised that this old man should belittle

our age, for it is in the nature of old men to despise youth, to be "prophets of things past." But I was surprised that the ladies, young and pleasant and educated ladies, should have so meekly agreed with him. Perhaps there was a certain justice after all in the old man's splenetic statements. Poetry and thought, I said to myself, are becoming more subtle, more self-conscious, more essential and refined; but they are losing certainly a vitality, a vigour, a joy in exercising themselves which they had in their cruder days, and perhaps it is not wholly unjust to say that they are becoming drier, more brittle and withered. Modern poets are very restrained and gentlemanly, they need only whisper where Shakespeare had to shout; but it is not absolutely certain that the most restrained and gentlemanly poets are the best.

There is a branch of literature, however, which is not growing dry and withered, but which is growing more various, more undulant, more like nature, accreting to itself the vitality which was once poetry's and philosophy's, as well as their subtlety and power of imagination; I mean the novel. Oddly enough, it is the novel which comes in for most of the kicks, even from men with enough taste to spend their halfpence on modern poetry and philosophy. Reviewers are so constantly finding masterpieces of the novelist's art, one a week almost, and they are so constantly saying how seldom they use the word "genius" and then using it, that the ordinary busy man, who reads the reviews and not the novels, feels there is a trick somewhere and may even suspect that there is a kind of trade union of novelists and critics. But, in fact, many good novels are written, for it is easier for an observant and honest person to write a good novel than for somebody of much more talent to write a good poem or to construct a cogent philosophy. The novel is the art-form of mediocre minds. Of the great novelists of the last century only two strike us as

extremely clever, as more clever than ourselves in fact, and those two are Flaubert and Stendhal; Balzac and Dickens strike us as less intelligent than ourselves, often as positively vulgar and stupid. Everybody except the highbrow, the man caught with the modern snobbery of brains, will admit that Balzac and Dickens are the better novelists, that they introduce us to more interesting people, touch our feelings deeper, give us more life and amusement; when we read Flaubert and Standhal we give up all these things for the pleasure of being talked to by a superior person. The fact is that any person who can see, who can feel, who can communicate, if he sets out to write a novel may quite possibly write a masterpiece; and it is by no means necessary, in fact it may be a handicap, that he should also be able to think.

General appreciation of the modern novel has been hindered by one or two superior persons, certainly able to think, but with a less decided ability to feel and see. The novels written by these superior persons are lively, are often indecent, but somehow they do not move us except intellectually; they are a little too neat and intelligent, as if they were sterilized and wrapped in cellophane. In such novels there is not, in our ancestors' sense of the word, a "story." We are shown glimpses, sudden and impressionistic, of a number of scenes and people, we hear some clever talk, the hero gets drunk perhaps, a little lechery is thrown in to tickle the groundlings or to show the breadth of the author's mind, and the story stops. I quite like such novels, they are easy to read and sometimes witty; if they sap our morality with sophisms, the sophisms are so gay and glittering that the Christian thinks them a good exchange for his burden. But they have their faults, a lack of romantic feeling, a lack of violence, of conflict, of atmosphere; briefly, they lack richness, they are awfully clever but even more awfully thin. Rarely are we made conscious of real people, of a created

world; in the phrase of Mr. Aldous Huxley, the most noted author of this kind of novel, the characters "bombinate in a vacuum," and they themselves are quintessentially vacuous and formless. From the best and liveliest examples of this kind of fiction we do indeed get a deliberate effect of purposelessness, as if the writers were avoiding any reasonable sequence of events, any suggestion that life has a "meaning," as solicitously as Tacitus avoided the balanced and regular constructions of Cicero. The atmosphere of these novels is extraordinarily rarefied, and to read them is like being held down for a while under an air-pump; one survives them rather than finishes them. It was of these novels surely that my old gentleman was thinking when he said that romance and the romantic spirit in literature were irremediably dead.

But after all Mr. Aldous Huxley is not, for all his intelligence, the typical or the greatest modern novelist. The greatest modern novelist, too great to be typical, is Proust; and Proust is the most romantic of all novelists. It is notable, for those who talk like the old gentleman I have mentioned, about the boorishness of our age, that Proust is almost the first romantic novelist with good taste and good manners. After reading a page or two of Proust, take up a novel by Victor Hugo and read a page or two of it; after the quiet, explicative, amusing tone of someone who is talking to you in a drawing-room you get the barbaric insolence, the exaggerations and repetitions, the uncouth gestures, the factitious eloquence, of a Parliamentary candidate addressing an unsympathetic audience and trying to cow by sound where he cannot convince by sense. Moreover, it is the man with good manners who is the truer romantic; Hugo had not it in him to feel or communicate that tenderness, that nostalgia which pervades the description of Combray and which takes us all back to the delights and sorrows and imaginations of our own childish days. Proust was also the first romantic novelist to realize that the

romantic things are not the showy things, not the wicked rake, Lord Ravensthorpe, spitting his enemy like a partridge on the lawn, not the implacable Mongol, Dr. Yen, puffing away his life with the fumes of a poisoned cigarette. The things that happen in our daily lives are romantic; a train journey, a visit to the seaside, being caught by a girl's face in the street and wanting to know her, one's first big dinner-party, one's first visit to the theatre. He discovered, too, the best outlets for romanticism in a worldly and clever man; poetry and snobbery. He never ceased to be astonished and moved by the beauty of visible nature, he never ceased to be astonished and moved by M. de Charlus and the Duchess of Guermantes. Footmen were always fascinating to him, so were monocles and laburnum trees. "The world"—if there is any moral to be drawn from his enormous work, it is this—" is full of a number of things. I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Proust has not had so great an influence in England as one would expect; he has been very much talked about, very little imitated. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, in " All Summer in a Day," recalls Proust as he recalls De Quincey and would have us think that he recalls Picasso; it is the sort of book that Proust might have written in his teens and hesitated to show to M. de Norpois. It is notable as being deliberately and even *bizarrement* romantic, as if written in conscious reaction against the rule in literature of the realist, the intelligent extravert, so clear and distinguished in thought and observation, but often so rawly vulgar in the expression and repression of his feeling. Miss Edith Sitwell's books on Bath, and on the English eccentrics, show also some resemblance to Proust, in their nostalgic romanticism, in their often melancholy humour. In fact it is the surface pleasantnesses of Proust that have been imitated, and no great and serious work in his way has yet been attempted in English. Mrs. Virginia Woolf has sometimes been compared to him. I do not

know whether one can call her a romanticist; she seems to me delightful when she writes about books, scarcely so delightful when she writes them. I can get on with her criticisms and with "Orlando," but I find her other works rather tiresome, and even conscientious. I was forgetting "Flush," I like it too, but it is scarcely romantic. Yet perhaps Mrs. Woolf is romantic in a womanly way and all that wit and whimsy and waywardness is the womanly equivalent of the deeper, darker, more passionate stuff that a man asks from a romantic writer. So it may be that the Countess of Winchelsea's

> "Nor will in fading silks compose,
> Faintly the inimitable rose,"

is woman's substitute for man's boisterous

> "Ah! Freedom is a noble thing,
> Freedom makes man to have liking!"

For she cannot be free, poor creature, while men want to eat, or till babies are bred from bottles; and in her spare time her best attempt at freedom can only be to

> "trace unusual things
> And deviate from the known and common way."

Proust's genius was androgynous, and even slightly more feminine than male; the English genius is a male genius, and the most virile and vigorous English writers are likely to be repelled by him, though they might learn from his book a way to express their deepest truth; his book attracts in England light and feminine natures mainly, and these learn from it only to embroider their trivialities pleasantly.

The chief romantic revival in England at present is masculine, is gruff and northern; I am sorry to say that this revival did not originate in England but, like our modern metaphysical poetry, like the so English-sounding Oxford group, in America. Mr. Hemingway, the most notable novelist of this new type, is in all ways the antithesis of Proust. Proust was of an exquisite

sensibility, of exquisite manners, with a clear defining brain; for all his surface gentleness he was terribly shrewd about people, and reveals them mercilessly. Mr. Hemingway has none of that surface sensibility, he is outwardly rough, uncouth, a swaggerer, one who knows all about life, a he-man; but underneath he is shy, sentimental, thinks the best of everybody, is strongly emotional; if he hits a man on the jaw it is that he may not weep on his shoulder. To display his inward feelings explicitly, to define them, would be unmanly; he muffles his emotions in set phrases, he writes with his thumbs, so to speak, yet sensibility is palpitant in his gruffest sentences. Mr. Hemingway is not so great a writer as Proust, but he matters more as a portent; with him, almost for the first time since the Icelandic sagas, romance becomes healthy. The typical English romantic atmosphere is one of cloaks and ghosts and twilight; the Duke, in a dreary room of his sister's castle, pores over her, and whispers, "Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young." All the great English romantic figures are selfish, many of them are wicked; one thinks of incestuous Byron, equivocal Beckford, angelic and ethereal Shelley, leaving his wife to drown herself, and off to charm the Italians; one thinks of Hamlet the Dane, most picturesque, most enchanting, of all romantic heroes, but selfish, callous, with four lives on his idle hands. These are supermen, above human decency. The hero of "A Farewell to Arms" is great through human decency, great because he endures misfortune and does not cry out; in great grief he is not articulate, he moves us more than the eloquent heroes of Jacobean tragedy.

"A Farewell to Arms" is an important book because it deprives the superior person of any reason for despising the ordinary man, because it shows that every man is a potential hero. There is a movement in our days to abase the ordinary man, to pretend that he is not fit to rule himself and only fit to be a slave of the state,

that is of a council of five or six superior persons. This movement arises, I suppose, from the teachings of Shaw and Wells, writers fertile in political schemes, but without much understanding of or sympathy with human nature, and cheerfully ready to hack it about, to "eliminate the unfit" from it, till it fits their Procrustean Utopias. In the 'nineties of the last century there was a rather disgusting growth of mock-romanticism, of blatant and selfish individualism without any genius to justify it; but the reaction in the other direction was excessive; such writers as Shaw and Wells thought far too little of the individual and far too much of society. Human beings for them were mechanical, easily explicable things, to be dissected and put together again in carefully sterilized books. They were boring as individuals, but one might work them up into amusing combinations; their main purpose was to make the wheels of state move briskly, and if any one asked what was the main purpose of making the wheels of state move briskly, if anyone came along with musty old scholastic questions *de finibus*, that person was an oriental and a fatalist and a finical sophist and a caterpillar. I cannot help thinking that the reaction against this attitude towards romanticism, towards the realization of the marvel and mystery of the individual man, is a very healthy reaction. It may be arrogant and exaggerated to say with Hamlet of man, "How like a god!" But it is better, it is healthier, than to say with the superior persons, "How like a cogwheel!"

Pilsudski and the Polish Tradition

By Eric J. Patterson, M.A.

PILSUDSKI benefited Poland both by what he was and what he did, and towards the end of his life the prestige, due to achievement and his personality, enabled him to lay the foundations upon which the future security of his country could be built. For he was one of that rare band of men, who work that they may become, not indispensable, but dispensable to their fellows.

He was a Lithuanian Pole. He embodied in his being therefore the tradition of two nations which had been originally united by the necessity for withstanding the pressure of the Teutonic Knights, which had shared a common glory in the great day of the State, and had suffered together in martyrdom after the Partitions and the several attempts to revive the past. Like the General Kosciuszko and the poet Mickiewicz he could invoke Lithuania as his country, because he conceived of it as part of that greater whole which was Poland. Because he loved Wilno and the forest land round about it, he was all the greater Polish patriot. Just as an Englishman, who feels the county of his birth can reach out to the greater conception of Britain and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

He was born near and educated at Wilno at a time, when the memories of the ruthless suppression of the 1863 rebellion by the Russians were only too recent in the minds of the Polish Lithuanian nobility. He was brought up by his mother in the belief in his country, and he was made by her to love the great Polish literature. Historically trained, he had dreams of the future resurrection of his unhappy land; but his nightmares took the form of a Russian schoolmaster. Yet this early upbringing had its lasting effects upon him, and therefore

upon the destiny of Poland. For if, after the rebirth of that country following the war, Zeligowsky seized Wilno for Poland at the instigation of Pilsudski, it was with troops from the neighbourhood of that town that he did so, and on the request of a Lithuanian. Serious as the Polish Lithuanian dispute of recent times has been, it was nevertheless rather more of the nature of a domestic than an international quarrel, and it was always Pilsudski's intention and aim to see it settled as soon as possible. He did not succeed in bringing it to an end, but it was due to him that the dispute was kept within bounds and that it did not unduly embarrass the new State.

Pilsudski's early life perhaps gave him another advantage. He understood the position of the national minorities, and he exercised his will that there should not be persecution on racial or religious grounds. If fortune had been kinder and the statesmen of the Western Powers, in particular Lloyd George, had been more far seeing, he might have settled the European Eastern question by building up a greater Poland, based upon the free federation of Poles, White Russians, Ukrainians and Lithuanians on a non-Soviet basis. That dream was not to be realized, and the racial minority question was complicated thereby. Yet all the same Pilsudski was supported by the minorities in Poland, whilst the Jews especially expressed their devotion to the man who had set himself against the only too possible anti-Semitism.

Pilsudski's career was a paradox, and his political philosophy expressed itself fortunately paradoxically. He was a noble, who became a revolutionary. He was a Socialist, who was a patriot first and foremost, and had no use either for the tepid Intellectual or the Bolshevik International. He had been a great reader; he had practised as a journalist; he had known many intellectuals; but it was not the intellect but that greater something that impressed him. He was always impatient of mere talkers and theorists. He was an irrationalist,

and that fact, too, was fortunate for Poland. For at the beginning of the war when the most that seemed possible was that either victorious Russia would create a limited Poland at the expense of Germany and Austria or the victorious Central Powers would do the same at the expense of Russia, Pilsudski saw a free independent Poland as his aim. He realized the possibility as early as April, 1914, of that taking place, which actually did take place in 1917 and 1918. He was throughout the war for Poland and for Poland alone; that is why he seemed, viewed superficially, to have entered the war on the side of the Central Powers and to have ended it as their prisoner. His was the superior logic which transcends logic.

He came out of his German prison to return to Poland which, although devastated by the war and starving, was yet free with the possibility at last of working out its own salvation. He became Chief of State of the reborn Poland; but the problem before him was a pretty grim one. There was all the work of reconstruction to be undertaken; there was a proper relationship with the National Committee in Paris and the Allies to be established; there was trouble with Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, and later war with the Bolshevists. That war threatened the existence not only of Poland, but also of a great part of the West. Fortunately the threat was adverted by the great Polish victory of the Vistula. Yet although Pilsudski had conquered the Bolshevists, he had still the home politicians to deal with. The democratic assembly had unanimously elected him President; but what it had given with one hand, it proceeded to take away with the other by making the Presidential office of very little power.

The new constitution was ultra-democratic, based on theories and had little relevance to the actual needs of the time; whilst a multiplicity of political parties carried on the well-known game of log-rolling and obstruction.

Pilsudski had refused to allow his name to go forward

as a candidate for the Presidency under these conditions. He had tired of politicians, and he preferred to return into private life rather than occupy an office in which he felt he could do nothing, an office of too little power. In 1926, however, after a period of retirement he was called back again by the force of events, and the demand of his countrymen. As he considered that the politicians were ruining not only the State but also the Army, by their intrigues, Pilsudski in that year made his coup d'etat. After it, he was again elected President by 292 votes to 193. To everyone's surprise he refused to accept the office. At the same time he thanked the deputies for not electing him unanimously as on the previous occasion. It was a good sign, he said, for it showed that there were fewer hypocrites in Poland than in 1919.

What, however, was Pilsudski's position? He was not President, and although he was for a time Prime Minister, over the greater period till his death he was only Minister for War. Although a Cabinet Minister he rarely attended Cabinet meetings. Yet his position was the more useful to his country in that it was not defined by the Constitution. He was himself a tradition, and he lent that tradition for the political welfare of his country. He became the tutor of Poland. He did for a Republic what a patriot king would have done for a monarchical state. He did not abolish parliamentary government. He used his prestige to see that it worked. He was the power in the background to be used only if the legislative bodies became mere talking machines. If Parliament existed Parliament must do its job. In a system where many parties existed and were, therefore, merely fractions, he was the personal guillotine, who could always bring matters to a legislative head. He was not a Dictator like Mussolini or Hitler. He did not wish to do things himself, but rather to see that other men performed the duties given them. A popular cartoon by a Polish artist in fact, represents him as throwing his Cabinet colleagues into a bathing pool to see if they could

swim. It will be seen then, that he had not destroyed the sense of humour in his countrymen.

He did not seek the limelight. He was hard to interview. His personal needs were modest. He had no use for a lot of money, and his pay as a marshal of Poland he gave away for the endowment of the University of Wilno.

Knowing himself a stricken man he pushed on the reforms for the future in the Constitution. The ultra-democratic principle was modified. The Senate was largely transformed into an aristocratic body resting on the duty of service. The Presidential office was given greater scope for usefulness.

But it was not in what was written but in the tradition which he bequeathed to Poland that he rendered his great service to the future. Pure political intellectualism was no longer to be the God of Principles. The great moral forces of the national struggle were to quicken the country's being.

Cranham Woods

By Kenneth Hare

UPON a ground where trails of ivy rove,—
Quaint plant of Bacchus!—it is rich to lie
On beds of violets, while the frolic cry
Of jolly cuckoo echoes through the grove.
Glades worthy Flora, and the Mother of Love,
Come roam with me, and breathe voluptuously
The green-gilt air, alive to ecstasy
When small stretch'd throats May's genial influence prove.
No sound will grate, but all delight your ear,—
Bees drone, doves murmur, on fall'n beech leaves sere,
The squirrel shells a nut, few rain-drops fall,
Then a sharp patter where a snap't twig flies,
And hares with yellow, bright, and soulful eyes,
Stand long, and gaze, and tremble not at all.

Gilbert White

By John C. Moore

JOGGING down the deep-cut lanes, rattling over the hard ruts in summer, splashing through the mud in rainy seasons, straining and heaving through the snowdrifts in winter-time, His Majesty's Mail brought Parson White's correspondence to Selborne and carried his own letters away. He must be a very busy and a very learned man, this country vicar, although his homilies from the pulpit were as dull as ditchwater and as long as a summer noon; for there were always plenty of packets for him, letters addressed in the cramped scholarly hand, letters that bore an academic air, crested letters from English country houses and weirdly franked communications from foreign parts. There was also a great multitude of parcels. Some of these parcels, from their shape and size, evidently contained books—heavy, leather-bound Latin tomes such as those which darkly lined the study at "The Wakes"; Parson White was buying more wisdom from London Town! But there were other parcels whose sizes and shapes were diverse and unusual, and whose contents could not possibly be guessed by the man who carried the Mail up to the vicar's house. Occasionally a torn corner of their covering would invite an inquisitive peep, and the peep would be rewarded by a glimpse of—feathers or fur! And now and then there would be disquieting evidence that the package contained crawling things. And on hot summer days there would perhaps be a hint to the nose that all was not well with the contents of the package. The maid-servant would avert her head as she accepted it at the door. A rare specimen, insufficiently cured, had taken a few days too long in travelling from Mr. Thomas Pennant's house in Flintshire.

Jogging away down the deep-cut lanes His Majesty's Mail carried back Gilbert White's replies to his numerous correspondents. There were letters to Mr. Pennant (and a parcel for Mr. Pennant, too, containing a dead harvest

mouse for his learned consideration); letters to the Honourable Daines Barrington, who had retired from the judicial bench to devote himself to philosophical studies; and more letters, addressed in that rather sprawling handwriting, to the parson's brother at Gibraltar, to Mr. William Markwick, to Dr. John Aiken, and to Mr. Robert Marsham, F.R.S., of Stratton Strawless, Norfolk.

Into the bag they went, with all the other packets and packages which the Mail had collected along its route, with documents for London lawyers, with love-letters from Hampshire girls for their soldier lovers who were fighting in America, with all the trivial greetings and condolences and domestic news which the post bears daily from village to village and town to town. All those other letters must surely be forgotten now; for how frail and impermanent is a good wish or a scrap of news written down on a sheet of notepaper and sent to a friend! Even those love-letters, so ardent, so burning-bright, how rarely they outlive the brief passion which prompted them! Ink fades, as if to prove Love's sure mortality; paper grows yellow, curls up at the edges, becomes brittle and falls to pieces, if, indeed, the fire or the dust-heap have not claimed it first. The good wishes die with their donors, the news ceases to be news and disappears.

But the letters which Parson White wrote to his friends somehow escaped the common fate. In this they were fortunate indeed, because their tone was so quiet and their matter so apparently trivial that they might easily have vanished with all those others which shared their journey in the Hampshire mail-bag. They seem, as it were, to have whispered their way into immortality; for they tell of nothing more important than the songs of birds and the changes of the weather and the dates when the flowers came out in a vicar's garden. No historian would bother his head with them for a moment, for they make no mention of the important events which

were happening at the time when they were written. Instead, they whisper, oh, so softly!—of trivial hedgerow happenings, of the blackthorn putting forth its flowers, of the first butterflies sunning on the bank. He has seen a flock of ring-ouzels; he is studying the habits of the mole-cricket; a rare and (he thinks) a new little bird frequents his garden—perhaps it will turn out to be a garden warbler; his tortoise, Timothy, has gone to sleep for the winter; he believes that he has discovered a new species of mouse. Of such trifles are composed the quiet, sweet letters which Gilbert White wrote to his friends, and which were afterwards gathered together and published as "The Natural History of Selborne."

He himself seems to have been as unassuming as his letters, and his life as uneventful. His importance was never any greater than the ordinary, parochial importance of a village parson. He came of a solid, middle-class family, and he was born on July 18, 1720. We are told that the event occurred "while his parents were on a visit to Selborne Vicarage." Perhaps the young couple, when they casually set forth on that "visit," did not realize that Gilbert was so well on his way! At any rate, this is the only evidence we possess of any Bohemian tendencies on the part of this very respectable pair. They settled at Compton, Surrey, where they proceeded to have seven more children; then they moved to East Harting, in Sussex, where they contrived to add one more to a quiver which, in less prodigal times, might have been thought to be full; and finally they returned to Selborne in 1729 and resided at "The Wakes," where they made up the total of their offspring to a round dozen before Mrs. White wearily died.

Gilbert's career was, as we have said, entirely without eventfulness. He was educated at Basingstoke Grammar School, whence he went up to Oriel College in December 1739. While he was at Oxford he kept an account book which seems to show that his only extravagance was the indulgence in an attack of smallpox, which cost him no

less than £31 10s. This sum includes the fees of two doctors and a nurse, and the cost of such aids to convalescence as wine, green tea, currents, tripe, and rush-lights. In spite of this strange fare he made a complete recovery, for within two months he was buying skates and a shooting-net.

Previous to this misfortune, Gilbert had been elected a Fellow of his college and had taken his M.A. degree. He first became curate of Swarraton, Hants, at a stipend of £20 a year. In 1749 he was ordained priest, and thereafter he held a number of temporary posts, until he finally settled at Selborne and became the owner of the house called "The Wakes," in which he lived for the rest of his days.

His appearance—if we may make a guess from some rather incomplete descriptions—was not particularly striking. He was only 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and "slender in person." He possessed, however, "a very upright carriage and a presence not without dignity." We are told also that "the expression of his countenance was intelligent, kindly, and vivacious." His portrait was never painted—from which omission it is conjectured that the smallpox had permanently disfigured him; but there exists a pen-and-ink sketch of his head, drawn by a friend, on the flyleaf of his copy of Pope's "Iliad." This sketch is not remarkable for any skill of execution, and there is no reason to conclude that it was necessarily a good likeness. It represents a rather sharp-faced person, with a big nose, very prominent eyes, and a slightly receding forehead. There is a second, unsigned sketch on the flyleaf of another volume, which shows a face in profile, and from which one receives the same impression of sharpness and beakiness, and of a rather staring expression in the wide-open eyes.

This, then, or something like this, was the appearance of the little Selborne parson whose letters, so sweetly whispering, have refused to go the dustward way of fading ink and crumbling paper. He was small and

short-legged, and perhaps he had a little of the sharp, perky air of those finches and warblers which he so patiently watched. He rode about his parish perched on the back of a preposterous animal which (like the parson's "lean, sorry jackass of a horse" in "Tristram Shandy") must have been full brother to Rosinante. On one famous occasion he lent the creature to his friend Mulso, who speedily returned it with the following comment: "First, he is broken-winded, and wheezes so loud that my heartache will do me more harm than good; next, I was forced to carry his head; then he is intolerably shabby, and will not go at a hand-gallop without constant excitement with whip and spur."

Upon this sorry-looking beast and others of its kind Gilbert White rode about his beloved countryside and performed, as diligently as any country parson of his time, the duties and visitations of his cure. He seems to have been a tolerant, kindly, easy-going person, and we may imagine that his parochial duties were not particularly arduous. On Sundays he must preach, but his sermons were probably stock ones which required little preparation. They contain no mention of natural history, and their style is not the light and airy style of Gilbert White; "the turgidity of a hundred divines" (as someone has neatly put it) is fearfully apparent in them. One is guilty of an unworthy suspicion that they were purchased in Fleet Street for a shilling or two apiece!

Apart from the wearisome necessity of this hebdomadal homily, to which his stolid countryfolk listened with an air of dutiful boredom, Gilbert White probably had very little work to do in the small parish. There would be an occasional festivity to attend; then there would often be some poor body who tiresomely required to be baptized, married or buried; and there would be necessary visits of charity to the Selborne poor. Finally there would be sick people to be cheered and comforted, and Gilbert White would set off upon that broken-winded creature that was full brother to Rosinante and first

cousin to Yorick's horse, to call upon some outlying parishioner who had fallen ill.

This duty done, the parson would ride slowly home, making a longer journey of it, perhaps, in order to ride through the Hanger or to look for rare plants in the bogs of Bin's Pond. He would notice the different ways the birds had of flying and perching and walking on the ground. "When redstarts shake their tails they move them horizontally, *as dogs do when they fawn;* the tail of a wagtail, when in motion, bobs up and down *like that of a jaded horse.*" What sharp eyes he had! But perhaps the simile came quicker to mind because his own Rosinante was so frequently tired, so difficult to push along. Riding on, he sees that "magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings, and make no despatch." Watching the swifts carefully, he decides that they pair on the wing. As he jogs down Wood Lane at evening he sees the goatsucker "glance in the dusk on the tops of trees like a meteor."

And with these vivid trifles in his mind he would return at last to his study and his precious books. Here he would sit down and write those grave, quiet, scholarly letters—to Thomas Pennant, Daines Barrington, William Markwick, Robert Marsham; and what letters they were! The Muse alone knows into what magic ink-well he dipped his pen: but I think "the love of little things" had something to do with the magic—that same very quiet and yet somehow very eager delight in the sweet trifles of the English countryside which gave a strange wistfulness to the catalogue in Rupert Brooke's poem:

> "Footprints in the dew;
> And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
> And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass . . ."

Such loves, I think, were Gilbert White's also. It was "the pain, the calm, and the astonishment" of a lover that set his unaffected prose so magically glowing. He possessed that tiptoe feeling of wonder and surprise which, I think, all great writers must sometimes feel.

Chiffchaffs, though " no bigger than a man's thumb, fetch an echo out of the Hanger at every note." The blackcap's song has such " a wild sweetness " that it always brings to his mind some lines in " As You Like It." No one has ever described birds, and the songs of birds, as well as Gilbert White. He loved them all, but most he loved the small, modest, merry-voiced twitterers of the hedgerow and the copse; the wood wren, that little yellow entity that makes " a sibilous shivering noise in the tops of tall woods "; the grasshopper warbler which, though it may be a hundred yards away, whispers as though it were close by, and which creeps, mouse-like, through the bottom of the thorns; the flycatcher, with his " little inward wailing note "; the sedge warbler, " a delicate polyglot "; and the gold-crested wren, which White delightfully speaks of as " that shadow of a bird."

There are five perfect miniatures, five portraits as quick and vivid as Thorburn's. The tiny, reedy songs which are so light that they seem to float away on the breezes, the small, swelling throats, the fluffed-out feathers, and the busy flutterings, are all caught in a few simple words. You can almost see the leaves on the swaying branch whence the song so surprisingly comes, and the green-gold glow of the sun shining through them.

No small thing comes amiss to him as a subject for correspondence. For instance, the 23rd letter to Daines Barrington, which is written in a prose as light as gossamer itself, is concerned solely with a description of those bright, filmy cobwebs which seem to fall from the skies when the autumn dews fall. He knew that a host of small spiders made them, but he could not explain " why these apterous insects should take such a wonderful aerial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material as to be considerably more weighty than air, and to descend with precipitation." This greatly puzzled him, and he hazarded a guess which happened to be wrong. Considering the state of scientific knowledge in his days, the fact that Gilbert White was

sometimes mistaken is not so surprising as the fact that he was so often right. His world was a puzzling world indeed; there was an adventure in every thought. Even such a matter as the copulation of frogs gave rise to wild conjectures; "the generation of eels" (which had so troubled old Izaak Walton's brain) was still "dark and mysterious"; and many instructed people still believed that frogs came down to the earth in showers of rain, that the fern-owl sucked milk from the udders of goats, and that cancer could be cured by the application of toads. Poor little shrew-mice were walled up alive in holes drilled in ash trees, and the twigs of the trees used as a remedy for ailing horses, cattle, and sheep. And even John Wesley believed in the existence of witchcraft.

Gilbert White scoffed at such superstititions; the practice of drowning, in horse-ponds, "superannuated wretches, crazed with age," he considered too gross for his enlightened times. Nor did he believe in the miraculous showers of frogs, the efficacy of the shrew-ash, or the good faith of the "cancer-doctress" who treated that terrible disease by the application of toads. Even he, however, was not infallible; to each man his own private and particular heresy, and Gilbert White's heresy concerned the winter disappearance of swallows. With a most obstinate perversity he cherished the belief that these birds hibernated in England. He had seen laggard swallows and house-martins as late as November, and he had noticed that the disappearing swifts in autumn seemed "bleached, like an old weatherbeaten wig." He devised the fantastic theory that this bleaching was due to the sun's heat, and he reasoned ingenuously that if the swifts followed the sun into lower latitudes they would be still more bleached and woebegone when they returned; whereas he knew that they were as smart and bright in April as if they had just come from moulting. No: they must surely retire to rest and change their feathers; and those late swallows and martins, how could such "poor little birds" bear up

against the rain and snow and equinoctial winds, and the "meteorous turbulence" of many seas? The conclusion was that they hid themselves in sand quarries or coppice undergrowths or, bat-like, in church towers and cliffs. So Gilbert White peered into the old nests of sand-martins in November, grubbed up bushes on a hillside, and explored "the shrubs and cavities" of the south-east end of the Hanger in early spring, in order to discover "the secret dormitories" of these elusive and puzzling birds. The fact that he found no trace of them did not shake his preposterous certainty that they were somewhere to be found; and once he flirted with the wild notion that they retired into the mud at the bottom of ponds. Even a letter from his brother John, who had had "ocular demonstration" of the seasonal movements of *Hirundines* backwards and forwards across the Strait of Gibraltar, did not seriously disturb his cherished theory, but merely caused him to modify it slightly. Perhaps a portion of the swallow population went abroad; but the remainder undoubtedly hibernated in England!

By this time he was as deeply sunk in his error as the villagers who believed that the earth was flat in Mr. Kipling's story, and however overwhelming the evidence I do not think he would have changed his mind. His theory could not be proved, but on the other hand, until every bush had been pulled up in the Hanger, until every pond had been drained dry and every old building stripped of its rafters, it could not be conclusively disproved. In fact, it was a gloriously unassailable theory, and Gilbert White hung on to it tenaciously until he died. Only two months before his death he set forth with Dr. Chandler, who was presumably another heretic, and tore down the ragged thatch of an empty house in Selborne. Alas, they found no swallows; but three days later White was told by "a sober hind" that some sand-martins had been seen in the neighbourhood, and although the month was April he decided that they must have emerged from their "secret latebræ" and was

confirmed in his suspicions by the news. This made up for his disappointment at finding no swallows in the thatch, and he died with his strange faith intact.

For my part, I am glad that he did not abandon his theory. Somehow his queer perversity makes him seem more human. The great naturalist is not always right; and I can see him more clearly now. I can see him tottering along with his friend, on those very short legs of his (for Rosinante bore him no more), and poking his stick into the musty rotten thatch of the old cottage, shaking his head over it, and expecting a swallow to pop out, like the little bird from the camera lens, at every poke. He is a very English figure, this little parson. He has found nothing to support his theory, but never mind, there are plenty of other things in his small world to occupy and interest him. He goes a-simpling and brings back an armful of the sweet plants which have old sweet names—gill-goby-ground, high taper, wild williams, and clown's allheal. He plants out mullein and foxglove in his garden. He jots down a recipe for plaster. He investigates the origin of fairy-rings. He counts his cucumbers with delight, and proudly rejoices in his melons. Alas, the frost comes and destroys his melons. He is very upset about it, but he soon forgets them and finds other interests. He makes the discovery that worms are hermaphrodite. He studies the crickets of his own hearth and notes whimsically that "a good Christmas fire is to them like the heats of the dog-days." He makes mushroom ketchup and bottles raisin wine. He laughs at Timothy the tortoise, sheltering from the rain.

Sometimes he reads Horace with his young nephew, John White, or tries Phædrus, in vain, with another nephew, Dick, who is not fond of books and proves an inept pupil. So Gilbert White teaches him to ride and hopes piously that a good seat on a horse may be more useful to him than Virgil or Horace. Young people come often to the house, and sometimes there is dancing as late as half-past four.

In his study, when bad weather keeps him at home, Gilbert White tries his hand at the composition of poetry. He is not very good at it, though he has the classic manner; indeed, it is probably the classic manner that leads him astray:

> These, NATURE'S works, the curious mind employ,
> Inspire a soothing melancholy joy;
> As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
> Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!

Never mind; just to show that he is not always pompous he will inscribe a Winter Piece to those "blithe maidens," the Miss Batties, who frequently visit him; and here it is, so neatly done:—

> Is this the scene that late with rapture rang,
> Where Delphy danced, and gentle Anna sang;
> With fairy-step where Harriet tripped so late,
> And on her stump reclined the musing Kitty sate?
> Return, dear Nymphs; prevent the purple spring,
> Ere the soft nightingale essays to sing;
> Ere the first swallow sweeps the freshening plain,
> Ere love-sick turtles breathe their amorous pain;
> Let festive glee th' enlivened village raise,
> Pan's blameless reign, and patriarchal days;
> With pastoral dance the smitten swain surprise,
> And bring all Arcady before our eyes.

I hope the verses pleased the young ladies, and that they came tripping up to "The Wakes" to thank him for them; but as likely as not they would find him engaged in some gruesome "autopsia," which would sorely shock them, and perhaps cause them to swoon. For such was the parson's thirst for knowledge that although he had "planted four limes in the butcher's yard, to hide the sight of blood and filth from y^{e} windows," he would conduct the most hair-raising postmortems in the interests of science, and on one occasion he made an intrepid examination of the head of a moose-deer belonging to the Duke of Richmond, although the creature was "in so putrid a state that the stench was hardly supportable."

But that was more than thirty years ago, and now

Parson White is growing old; he would hesitate before undertaking such a long journey as that, all the way to Goodwood to see a dead moose slung up in a stable. Instead, he potters about in his own garden, taking the daily readings of his thermometer, noting the changes of the weather and the passing of the seasons, and watching the flowers come out in their ordered procession each spring. He had finished that perfect miniature, his picture of Selborne village, he has put in every trembling leaf and every twittering bird-song, and now the sight of those sharp eyes is beginning to fade. He administers a gentle reproof to Marsham. "Pray, good Sir, procure better ink: yours is so pale that it often renders your neat hand scarcely legible!" But he can still watch the changing skies through his study window, and listen to the gay birds singing from the bushes round his lawn.

"Thus his days passed," wrote his nephew John (that young John White who had read the odes of Horace with him as a boy) "tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age on June 26, 1793." It is a good epitaph; for he had so loved the sweet English seasons that they had become part of his life, and had marked the course of it.

Kwan-Yin: Goddess of Mercy

By Kenelm Foss

BEFORE Thy shrine I contemplate
The mete I measured not withal;
The broken home, the faithless mate,
Friends, children, sped beyond recall.
Inscrutably Thy smile serene
Watches me fail and yet strive on:
Thy plan, perchance, to intervene
When all my fortitude is gone.

Though all past prayers have been in vain,
Grant me, Omnipotent, one boon:—
Promise I shall not live again
When Death comes, not an hour too soon.
Let me at last evaporate,
A breath in Thy mysterious plan.
Ah, Goddess! Be compassionate!
Be more compassionate than Man!

Sir Arthur was Perfectly Right

By Vincent Seligman.

I

ON a cold February morning in the year 1931, the third year of the Great Depression, four men were seated round the table in the old-fashioned bank parlour, which had, without material change, served the existing partners of Milton Brothers for their daily place of meeting ever since the foundation of the firm during the days of the Napoleonic Wars. Fashions had, from time to time, induced certain alterations, and the increasing demands for comfort had not altogether remained unheard. But in its essential dignity and solidity the room still retained something of its early nineteenth-century atmosphere. It differed strikingly from the more elaborate but less impressive board rooms of recent growth, designed to contain everything which the "Ideal Banking Home," according to the notions of Olympia, should contain; everything, that is to say, except tradition, a commodity which, unfortunately, cannot be acquired at West Kensington exhibitions.

Moreover, Milton Brothers boasted of—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, since boasting or advertisement in any form is abhorrent to the aristocracy of the city—acknowledged a bank parlour and not a board room. The four men who, in accordance with the well-known injunctions of the spider, have just come into the parlour, are not mere directors, but partners; the meeting which is about to take place is not a board meeting restricted by minutes, secretaries, shareholders and the other impedimenta of a joint-stock company, but just a daily coming together, for friendly discussion, of the sole partners and proprietors of the old-established banking firm of Milton Brothers Unlimited. They acknowledge no law but themselves, though the other three partners, for a variety of reasons into which we shall presently inquire, allow a certain moral eminence to the senior and eponymous occupier of the chief seat

at the table, Sir Arthur Milton, Fourth Baronet. But again we must note that although he is seated in what, if one were ignorant of the intricacies of high finance, one might be tempted to call the " Chair," since he sits in lonely splendour at the farther end of the table, Sir Arthur is in no sense chairman; he merely happens to preside by prescription, *primus inter pares*. Elsewhere, on the various boards which he has deigned to grace as adjuncts to his main business and to which, if the truth must be told, he devotes a not inconsiderable portion of his time, Sir Arthur is frequently welcomed into the chair, but when he is, so to speak, at home, he just takes any chair that he can find.

Yet one might feel that nothing short of a chair with a capital C would be worthy to accommodate the nether limbs of Sir Arthur. If doctors can be said to have a bedside manner, Sir Arthur undoubtedly had a bankside manner. Impressive, dignified, aristocratic, always scrupulously and correctly dressed in an age when too many bankers are prone to lay aside their dignity with their silk hats, Sir Arthur appeared the very embodiment of what a banker should be. Those who questioned his ability were compelled to admit that he was a wonderful figurehead, even though his head might not be particularly good at figures, or, indeed, at anything else. In fact, however, though he was slow and unimaginative, his judgment, when unclouded by fear or by prejudice, was sound, and he possessed a certain inherited sense of realities which formed, as it were, part of the " goodwill " of Milton Brothers.

On Sir Arthur's right sat Mr. Julius Roseborough in an attitude which seemed positively designed to afford the most complete and ridiculous contrast to that of his senior partner. His huddled figure, bunched over the armchair, sagged forward grotesquely as though he had been inconsiderately dumped into it like a sack of coals by some absent-minded Titan, his quick-shifting, near-sighted eyes almost touching a memorandum lying on the

table, whilst Sir Arthur sat bolt upright in his comfortable arm-chair, his not very intelligent glance directed from a great distance at a copy of the same report in front of him. A curious observer might well have been led to speculate on the contents of a document which could have such a differing effect on its two readers; for it was plain that what Sir Arthur viewed through indifferent eyes filled his partner with lively concern. Perhaps it may partly be explained by the fact that if the former had too little imagination the latter certainly had too much.

Indeed, the contrast between the two partners was as great inwardly as outwardly. The exact origin of Julius Roseborough was wrapped in decent obscurity, though it would probably not have been difficult for a connoisseur in these matters to guess fairly accurately, say within a hundred miles, at his birthplace. In any case, it had long ceased to be of much interest to any save his enemies, of whom, owing to his general inoffensiveness, there were not many. It was one of those matters which Julius Roseborough never discussed, and which therefore you did not discuss with him, a gift of reticence being an essential part of the equipment of Julius Roseborough's friends and associates. For our purpose it is sufficient to know that he had arrived in this country at the beginning of the twentieth century with a first-class knowledge of international banking and half a dozen European languages, to which he had since added a serviceable and, except in moments of great excitement, an idiomatic knowledge of English. He had also added a change of name which could have deceived nobody, not even himself. Not that Roseborough desired to deceive anybody on this score, for to the alleged cunning of his race he joined another less-known, but equally well-defined characteristic, a certain humorous simplicity which cares little for outward shows and trappings, and laughs at the very disguises which it assumes with such apparent care. Moreover, his partnership in Milton

Brothers, offered to him by Sir Arthur in one of those rare moments of brilliant insight to which even the most unimaginative are prone, had definitely set the seal on his reputation and, coming as it did in pre-war days, had subsequently shielded him from those rather too pressing and frequently irrelevant inquiries which naturally arose out of a national war. During those fateful years a partner in Milton Brothers found himself immune alike from the pettier persecutions which harried the small trader of foreign antecedents, and the more formidable newspaper assaults against public men in high places whose names had the misfortune to sound insufficiently British at a time when nothing less than " One Hundred per Cent " was admissible. In return for this signal freedom bestowed upon him by Milton Brothers, Roseborough had served his firm faithfully, and by his almost unrivalled knowledge of international banking had been chiefly responsible for its post-war development. Nothing seemed more improbable than the business marriage of Roseborough and Sir Arthur; nothing in fact could conceivably have worked better; for each supplied the other's deficiencies.

The other two partners, though they played a less conspicuous part in the firm, are no less deserving of attention. Young George Milton, destined one day perhaps to occupy his uncle's position, would have found it a little difficult to give any exact explanation of his presence in the historic bank parlour beyond that of his name and the sudden death of his father ten years ago. Returning from the war with a Military Cross, the strongest aversion from city life and certain vague and ill-defined aspirations towards a mastership at his old public school, he had found himself suddenly thrust by circumstances into the one career that appealed to him least. Circumstances, too, saw to it that his training should be as unthorough as it was rapid, and his natural diffidence was augmented by the knowledge that he was insufficiently grounded in his profession, that he was not,

and never could be, a trained banker. Privately he would ask himself many stimulating questions, for he was not unintelligent, but his shyness barred them from utterance and thus effectively destroyed the prospect of their ultimate solution, which was both uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. As he was in addition given to day-dreaming, it is doubtful whether his contributions to the partners' discussions (which in any case never came unsolicited) were of any great value. His uncle, however, did his best to "bring him out," and would make frequent appeals to his judgment, though never with much success.

The last member of the "Quorum" and the author of the memorandum which, as we have seen, was in different ways engaging the attention of his partners, Charles Snow, sat at the farthest end of the table, as if anxious to indicate that he did not feel precisely on terms of equality with his associates. Socially he might be Roseborough's superior, as mentally he was undoubtedly Sir Arthur's, but he could never quite forget, and never wished to forget, that for over thirty years his status had been that of a clerk (however "highly paid" and however "confidential") and despite his recently awarded partnership the habits of a lifetime were slow in leaving him. He had taken his seat diffidently as though it did not quite belong to him and he did not quite know what to do with it, and it was in a certain innately deferential manner that he proceeded to address his partners.

"I sent you my report over the week-end so that you should have a proper chance to study it before we met. Now that we're all *au courant* I should like to give you my conclusions which I purposely omitted from my report. I think that the informations which I have collected and the general impressions I gathered from our Central European customers are pretty uniformly favourable. Of course the big banks are rather locked up, and they're using pretty large credits both here and in New York. It's not an entirely healthy situation, but I think

that on the whole we've got the best 'risks' in our portfolio, and personally I don't feel that our policy towards them calls for any immediate modification. We've done business on and off with most of them for half a century and we know their ways. You will have seen all the details in my report, and I don't think there's anything that calls specially for discussion."

Sir Arthur agreed. "Very well drawn up, if I may say so, Charles. Your trip seems to have been a highly successful one and fully relieves our minds of any—ah—apprehensions we may have—ah—entertained of some of our European confrères." (A pause and a slight clearing of the throat invariably accompanied Sir Arthur's more pompous pronouncements, as though a platitude were thereby robbed of its sting.) "I may say for my part that after the—ah—most careful perusal of its contents" (during the greater part of which Sir Arthur had in fact never had more than one eye open) "I find absolutely nothing that calls for an extended discussion—in fact," added Sir Arthur, as though in a burst of frankness he were willing to forego his nicely rounded adjectives, "for any discussion at all. Are we all agreed?"

A slightly gutteral exclamation from Roseborough plainly indicated that unanimity was not as yet attained. "You will most certainly have noticed," he said smoothly to Sir Arthur, who most certainly hadn't, "that there is a note of reserve in some of the reports on Lebenhardt's. What were your personal impressions, Charles?"

Snow glanced at his senior partner, who was plainly rather vexed at the raising of this subject, just as royalty might frown on a discussion of minor royalty. He turned to Roseborough. "I dined with Lebenhardt on Thursday and he entertained me most royally." A smile of reminiscent pleasure not unmixed with gratification passed over his face, for on previous occasions he had only been entertained by Lebenhardt's manager. "He is still considered to be enormously wealthy, though no

one of course has any exact knowledge of the extent of his means. He certainly doesn't live, or talk, like a poor man; and he gave me graciously to understand that he uses our credit more for the sake of keeping up his old connections in London than because he is in need of the money."

Sir Arthur chuckled. "I remember that first time I dined with him over twenty-five years ago. I had just been taken into partnership and I was on my way round the world to make the personal acquaintance of all our foreign customers—in fact, as our dear American cousins put it, to establish 'personal contacts.' This particular 'contact' had the effect of a disconnection as far as my end of it was concerned. Though I was over thirty—nearly your age, George" (he added kindly, in parenthesis, for he never lost an opportunity to being his nephew into the conversation, even though indirectly) "Lebenhardt made me feel like a small schoolboy, very grubby, very insignificant and incidentally a pauper." (Sir Arthur laughed heartily at this preposterous picture of Sir Arthur.) "He made me feel most acutely that by drawing on Milton Brothers he was conferring the greatest honour on them. I recollect that the first thought that occurred to me in 1918, when Austria surrendered, was: 'Thank God! That'll take old Lebenhardt down a peg or two.' But from what you tell us, Charles, the Great War has failed as signally in that as in other directions. I suppose," added Sir Arthur, "that you were shown over his picture gallery?"

"Yes, he took me round after dinner. I'm afraid pictures aren't much in my line, but I thought they were wonderful."

"They constitute," said Sir Arthur impressively, "or they constituted, one of the finest private collections in Europe. I remember many years ago a manager of one of our big banks came to ask me for information on the position of Lebenhardt's. I told him what I knew of the firm and I added that Baron Emil von Lebenhardt

possessed one of the finest private collection of pictures in Europe." (Sir Arthur repeated the phrase with the greatest relish.) "The manager didn't seem very impressed and asked me at what figure I valued the pictures. 'My dear sir,' I said to the fellow, 'I'm afraid I am only a banker, not an art dealer.'"

Sir Arthur laughed heartily and his partners smiled dutifully at an anecdote with which they were only too familiar, but it did not succeed in deflecting Roseborough from his purpose. "Yes, yes," said the latter, with a note of impatience in his voice which he failed to conceal completely, "everyone knows Lebenhardt's reputation for wealth. When I was with the Economic Bank in Vienna many years ago it always used to be said that Lebenhardt *was* Vienna, and that no step of any importance was ever taken by the Imperial Government without consulting him. But times have changed since then, and one should, I feel, be careful not always to think in terms of pre-war values. Lebenhardt's have still a wonderful reputation, but the fact remains that Austria is no longer what it was, and Lebenhardt's, too, may not be quite what they were. There is a slight note of hesitation creeping into these reports which I don't like, and we know that they have been concerned in several large failures recently, and that they are locked up in a number of unsuccessful local enterprises. It may be that they are well able to stand these losses. I can't say, as I have, unfortunately, never seen their balance sheet, but I'm not entirely happy about the situation."

Sir Arthur raised his eyebrows inquiringly, as though uncertain whether something slightly distasteful were not being thrust under his nose. "My dear fellow," he said in a faintly supercilious tone, "it would be quite out of the question to ask Lebenhardt to show us his balance sheet—he would probably reply by asking to see ours. There are certain traditions among private bankers throughout the world which cannot be ignored, my dear—ah—Julius."

It was noticeable that whenever Sir Arthur addressed his partner by what we may by courtesy term his Christian name, he always did so with a slight effort. Roseborough never appeared to notice it, just as he also passed over the veiled implication that he, the professional banker, was ignorant of the unwritten law prevalent among the aristocracy of the profession. "I know it is out of the question to ask for their balance sheet," he answered, "but all the same it is—a pity. Figures cannot lie, or at any rate they lie less easily than a reputation. Besides, there is another thing. I was dining with young Wilder the other night, and after dinner he casually let out that his firm had ceased to do business with Lebenhardt. Wilder's are small people—very petty and narrow in their views. But they're very shrewd business men, and I've noticed that whenever there's any trouble brewing in one corner of the world or another, they generally manage to get out just in time."

Sir Arthur shifted a trifle uneasily in his chair; he recognized the importance of young Wilder's indiscretion. Milton Brothers might look down from the eminence of Napoleonic days on an upstart firm of scarcely fifty years standing, but Wilders' reputation for shrewdness was beyond dispute. Charles Snow, who had also listened attentively to Roseborough, shifted uneasily in his chair. "It's odd that you should have mentioned Wilder's," he said, "because there were rumours in Vienna that Lebenhardt's had recently had a small credit withdrawn. The old man mentioned to me himself that he preferred to concentrate his business in London and New York in the hands of one or two firms—which in the case of anyone else would have struck me as just a little 'fishy.' What's more, he undoubtedly has the reputation for being a bit of a gambler, not only on the turf, but on the Bourse. He asked my opinion about rubbers and oils and wanted a good 'spec.' It strikes me now, though it didn't at the time, that this wasn't quite what one would have expected from a rich and respectable banker."

A smile of quiet satisfaction passed across Roseborough's face, but Sir Arthur sat bolt upright in his chair. "Do you mean to say that Lebenhardt is speculating?" he asked sternly in the voice of one to whom the very word "speculation" was anathema.

"It sounded uncommonly like it," retorted Snow drily. "Now I come to think of it, although he talked very 'big,' there was something just a little hectic and unhealthy about the whole atmosphere of his bank—or rather his palace, because it looks less like a bank than anything I've ever seen." His eyes wandered round the comfortable but rather austere bank parlour of Milton Brothers, as though contrasting it mentally with the luxury of its Viennese counterpart. But Roseborough, whose training was more international than that of his partners, and who was nothing if not fair-minded, raised his hands deprecatingly. "Don't let us forget that an Austrian bank is very different from an English one. They all enlarged or embellished their premises after the war as an indirect flight from the currency, or else they took over derelict palaces. I don't think there's very much in that."

But Sir Arthur was becoming more and more restless; the storm clouds were beginning to gather on the Olympian brow. Although he paid but little attention to the details of business, and allowed his partners a free hand in dealing with the smaller questions of every-day routine, he felt that, as the head of the firm and as its largest capitalist, on any big question of policy the responsibility should rest almost solely with him, and on such occasions he was not slow or bashful to exercise his prerogative. The superficiality of some of his judgments, though they were often based on a certain ingrained common sense, and the obstinacy with which he persisted in such judgments once formed, were factors which his colleagues were forced to accept without question. For the first time Roseborough exchanged glances with Snow, a look in which satisfaction and apprehension were nicely blended.

He had sprung his mine successfully; he had convinced Snow of the existence of danger where Snow had been unsuspecting, but he was beginning to become a little doubtful whether the effect on Sir Arthur might not be somewhat greater than he had anticipated or intended. He prided himself justly on a reputation for compromise and moderation, which had always served his purpose well. It was characteristic of his supple mind that he could always see both sides of a question and that he shunned extreme solutions. On this occasion he had been alone in feeling anxious about Lebenhardt's, but he had no wish to break with them altogether. He merely sought to induce in his partners a frame of mind where the magic of an old name should not be allowed to exercise automatic hypnotism, but where all the circumstances of the case might be subjected to the most careful scrutiny. Sir Arthur's next words showed Roseborough that he had succeeded only too well.

" What you tell me has given me very grave concern. I consider that the time has undoubtedly come to adopt a very firm attitude with Lebenhardt. What is their position with us to-day? "

Roseborough consulted a slip which he placed before his partner. " They owe us about a hundred and eighty thousand pounds on ordinary draft account, and in addition there is a sugar credit in joint account which matures this week and of which their share is about forty-five thousand pounds."

Sir Arthur frowned. " These figures are rather on the large side; I certainly was *not* aware that they owed us so much."

" You never wished to make any definite limit with them, if you remember—it's about the only Continental account where no figure has been fixed, though the Credit Department have instructions to let us know when they are over the two hundred thousand mark."

Sir Arthur gazed fixedly at the slip as though he entertained a wild hope that intense concentration on it

might help to reduce its contents to more reasonable proportions. This praiseworthy attempt was interrupted by the arrival of the manager, whose custom it was to bring to the partners' meeting any letters of special interest demanding immediate attention, which might come by the second Continental mail. For nearly twenty years this brief incursion into the sanctum sanctorum had devolved on Charles Snow, and it was to him that his successor handed over a few letters and cables before bowing himself out of the room. Snow glanced hastily through them and passed them on without comment to Sir Arthur. "Anything of importance?" asked the latter, who seemed disinclined to remove his gaze from the slip.

"Nothing much—except that Lebenhardt's ask for a renewal of the sugar credit for another three months."

"They do, do they?" said Sir Arthur grimly. "Well, they won't get it. As far as I am concerned, that settles the matter once and for all. Nothing will induce me to lend them another penny."

Roseborough interrupted gently. "I don't think we ought to be carried away," he said. "This demand for a renewal has come most inopportunely, I admit; but the credit is a seasonal one, and in previous years, too, they have sometimes asked for another renewal. Besides, their clients, who are directly obligated to us, are the leading sugar factory in Czechoslovakia and, quite apart from Lebenhardt's guarantee of half the credit, they themselves should undoubtedly be good for all their engagements. I think that the situation demands very careful handling. I would suggest that we agree to go on with the sugar credit for another three months, but at the same time ask Lebenhardt's gradually to reduce their other account to more modest dimensions."

Sir Arthur brushed aside all question of compromise. "My dear—ah—Julius, this is a case for strong action. The only thing to do is to call in our credit immediately—if, indeed, it isn't too late. You've said yourself that

Lebenhardt's may be in difficulties, and we know that the senior partner is a gambler and" (he added almost with a shudder) "a speculator."

Roseborough stood his ground firmly, though it was unusual for him to put up any determined resistance when he saw that his senior partner had made up his mind. "We are all agreed, I think, on the principle that our engagements in this direction must be very considerably reduced——"

"Not reduced," interrupted Sir Arthur, "but terminated."

"Very well, then, terminated if you wish. We only differ, if we differ at all, in the best method of bringing about the—termination of the account. There are many aspects of the case to be considered. We have been Lebenhardt's chief London correspondents for over fifty years; it would scarcely be decent to call in our credit brutally at a moment's notice from one day to another."

"The man is a scoundrel," said Sir Arthur hotly, "who has forfeited any claim on our consideration."

"Even if we leave out the moral question," said Roseborough, "we must consider whether if, as we suspect may conceivably be the case, the firm is in temporary difficulties, it wouldn't be wiser in our own interests to give them time to reduce their commitments gradually."

For a moment Sir Arthur, who was not accustomed to opposition from this quarter, forgot himself sufficiently to become personal. "You will forgive my saying, my dear—ah—Julius, that your leniency towards defaulters in the past has cost us a lot of money. You always want to give people time, with the only result that they get deeper and deeper in the mire, and we throw away good money after bad. We could have saved thousands and thousands of pounds if you had only listened to me."

Sir Arthur's mind was notoriously as retentive of other people's shortcomings as it was generously forgetful of his own. Roseborough flushed deeply, and was about

to retort when a welcome interruption came from Charles Snow: "Isn't there another aspect of the case?" he asked, anxious to prevent the discussion from degenerating into an unseemly exchange of reminiscent recriminations. "If it should leak out somehow or other that we had cancelled Lebenhardt's credit (and it's extraordinary how quickly these things do get known in Vienna), it might easily lead to a run on the bank with incalculable consequences not only for Lebenhardt's, but for other institutions similarly placed."

Sir Arthur hesitated for a second, and Roseborough breathed a mental sigh of relief. The situation might still be saved; for the argument that the action of the mighty Milton Brothers would be sufficient to bring disaster not only to Lebenhardt's, but perhaps to the whole of Europe was one eminently calculated to appeal strongly to Sir Arthur Milton, Bart. With the fate of Europe metaphorically in his hands, the great man weakened, though he did not surrender without a struggle. "Lebenhardt's are hardly likely to broadcast the fact that we have ceased to repose any confidence in them; but there is something in what you say, Charles. A leakage of—ah—information in these benighted countries" (for Sir Arthur all countries save his own were *ipso facto* benighted) "is certainly a possibility however —ah—remote that we have to bear in mind. I think we might perhaps leave the decision to our youngest—ah—associate who has so far not contributed—ah—materially to the discussion."

The youngest associate, thus appealed to, started guiltily and roused himself from his reverie. Of what it consisted exactly it would be hard to say, for it was as much a nightmare as a day-dream. Certain general forebodings with which he was only too familiar would insistently intertwine themselves with a consideration of the particular discussion to which he had been intermittently attending. A cinematographic series of "shots" would have revealed the most curious jumble of con-

flicting thoughts, dominated above all by the feeling of futility which is characteristic of so many of those who took a direct part in the late war. As the discussion proceeded on its weary way, his almost morbid sense of his own inadequacy made him feel that he had nothing of any consequence to contribute to it, and at the same time the discussion itself appeared to him utterly unworthy of the close attention of three important financiers —for he automatically excluded himself from this category.

For the hundredth time George regretted bitterly that the world should now revolve almost solely on an economic and financial axis to the exclusion of all those other fascinating motives which had seemed so important to our forefathers, and that the business man's importance to the community should so completely have overshadowed that of the statesman, the warrior and the priest. What a drab picture to-day presented compared with the multi-coloured pages of history! All those great "Questions" which had once monopolized the attention and aroused the passions of mankind—where were they now? They had all disappeared or become absorbed in one outstanding question, the economic question, whose solution lay in the hands of a few scattered groups of men. And it would not be unfair, he supposed, to take the men who sat round the table with him as typifying the new controllers of our destiny.

George pondered the matter with growing despair; were these "brains" of the City just one more impudent newspaper "fake," wholly unworthy of the esteem in which a misguided public held them? These moneyed barons who enjoyed a power undreamt of by their feudal prototypes—what were they but narrow-minded, selfish, shortsighted individuals, incapable perhaps in a crisis of attaining or retaining even that limited objective which they had set themselves—the pursuit of money? As his glance wandered round the table, his doubts returned to him; his uncle, an admirable façade, behind which was—

nothing. Like Mr. Pecksniff's famous horse, Sir Arthur trotted most impressively with every appearance of great speed, but in fact scarcely moved at all. Charles Snow? A splendid servant, hardworking, tactful, devoted —but always a servant. Roseborough? The only professional, certainly, amongst amateurs, a master of every branch of banking, and yet devoid of any real culture and without any interest other than that of acquiring wealth and consideration—how would even Roseborough fare in a real crisis? Might not that truly French description of Poincaré be equally applicable to him: "Il sait tout; il ne comprend rien?"

And at this very moment, thought George, all over the world—in Lombard Street and Wall Street, in Paris and Amsterdam and half a dozen other centres—there are assembled round board tables little groups of men just such as these, the dispensers of that mysterious attribute, credit, and therefore the real wielders of power. At present the machine works reasonably well, though no two experts can be found to agree why it works, or even how it works; still less do they agree how it should work. But if something were to go wrong with the machine, does there exist anywhere any leadership, any group of men capable of taking resolute and concerted action to start it going again? True, there are millionaires in plenty; men who have made money presumably by honest means and who therefore ought to know their trade. But there were notoriously but a few steps from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock, and perhaps it is only the lucky ones who achieve an unspecified number of millions in place of a specified number of years penal servitude—who are entertained by His Majesty at Windsor instead of at Wormwood Scrubbs. In other professions, it might be argued, a man had to work hard and competitively in order to secure recognition; inefficiency was soon discovered and punished. It was only in the City that a stroke of luck, requiring no more personal ability than that which is demanded of the winner of the

Calcutta Sweep, may secure for its recipient an unchallenged position, immense wealth, and the envious admiration of his fellow-men.

One had only to listen to the present discussion, thought George, descending from the higher levels of the general to the more sordid consideration of the particular, to realize the utter ineptitude and futility of our modern rulers. All this ridiculous discussion about Lebenhardt; all these subtleties of argument as to the proper course of action when there were really no tangible facts for consideration, but just a question of personal feeling. George tried to view his partners' inconsistencies dispassionately, but his impatience mounted. First of all, Roseborough had seemed so jolly keen on "downing" old Lebenhardt—perhaps some remote vendetta dating from a quarrel in an Eastern ghetto—and then at the very moment when he had, as it were, got him "down and out," he had let go suddenly. Now he seemed as anxious to retain the connection as formerly he had been to sever it. Such tergiversations were incomprehensible to George. And Uncle Arthur was just as bad; first of all, a lot of pompous talk about the fine old aristocracy of banking, with Lebenhardt in the rôle of arch-duke; and then all of a sudden, for no better reason than that he gambled a little, the arch-duke becomes an arch-impostor and an arch-scoundrel. It was really only the tactful intervention of Snow ("Good old Charles," thought George), anxious to preserve the amenities, which had prevented the outbreak of a first-class "row" between the two senior partners. There was nothing George detested more than these desolating "scenes," which, although of comparatively rare occurrence, were sufficiently violent when they did occur to strip the protagonists of all dignity and decency.

Yes, Charles must certainly be given full credit for having saved the situation; the argument which he had thrown out so casually, as though one argument were as good as another, provided it achieved its object of

pacification within the sacred walls of Milton Brothers, chimed in so exactly with George's previous forebodings that it suddenly struck him as being of overwhelming importance. What was it he had said? "A run on Lebenhardt's might have incalculable consequences not only for them but for other institutions similarly placed." Yes, the adjective "incalculable" was certainly well chosen, but what had Charles meant by "other institutions?" A few local banks probably, already on the verge of toppling, who would be unable to stand the slightest "run." But supposing "runs" became the fashion, the cannibalistic "run" of banks on banks which was far more dangerous than the flight of a few nervous depositors—what "institution," what country even, could stand up for long against such an assault? All banks, even the mighty Bank of England itself, were by their very nature vulnerable, and came under the category of "other institutions"; if once the "run" began and the machinery of credit began to topple, where would it end, and who would survive the crash? No, no, thought George, the fabric must be kept intact; Lebenhardt's must be rescued, and, with Lebenhardt's, the world as we know it!

He was aroused from his fantastic conclusions by his uncle's appeal. He tried to imagine what his partners would think if he attempted to clothe his vague vision of the future in words—and failed utterly. But he must say something—he must take up his stand one way or the other. Suddenly his mind went back to a scene in a French "Estaminet" one drowsy afternoon in the summer of 1917. A recently promoted first lieutenant, he had had to sit as junior member on his first court-martial. They had heard the usual evidence; some wretched private soldier had fallen off to sleep whilst on sentry duty in the front line. There was no excuse really, and only one possible sentence, as the senior officer presiding at the court-martial had tacitly intimated, before as a matter of form asking the junior officer for his

verdict. But George was by no means convinced; he argued that the prisoner had had a longer spell of sentry duty than was prescribed in King's Regulations. A slightly indignant, but still condescending, colonel explained in words of one syllable that, as Lieutenant Milton had probably heard, there was a war on. Lieutenant Milton remained unconvinced, and, relying on the fact that the death sentence has to be unanimous, persisted in the teeth of a now infuriated colonel and succeeded in the end in obtaining a sentence of imprisonment only.

Once again the junior member of the court-martial was being appealed to, and visions of old Lebenhardt asleep on the firing-step arose before George. Should mercy be shown to this elderly Austrian, who was but one step removed from a " Hun "—had, in fact, probably done all he could to lose us the war? The refrain of an old war-song ran through George's brain : " Do you want us to lose the war? " He made a desperate effort to pull himself together, for his partners were beginning to become impatient. Once again he had an irresistible feeling that the whole future of civilization might be hanging on his words. " I think," he said slowly, " that we should cancel the credit, but do it discreetly."

There ! It was out at last, but he was not altogether satisfied with the adequacy of his pronouncement, nor indeed were his partners. It was all very well to cancel the credit, but what was the exact degree of discretion required? He had merely stated the problem, not solved it. Roseborough, however, rose to the occasion, his busy mind constructing and partly rejecting a number of formulæ suitable to the occasion. " I think," he said rather optimistically, " that we can draw up a letter on those lines which will not in any way offend Lebenhardt or upset him. We can tell him that in view of the unsatisfactory conditions in Europe we are endeavouring to reduce our commitments all round, so that he shouldn't suspect that our policy is directed specially against him.

We can assure him that our action is of a temporary nature only, and that our attitude will be modified directly normal times reappear; and we can emphasize the fact that the reduction in his commitments to us is to take place gradually. Yes," concluded Roseborough, rubbing his hands together, for the task was one which eminently appealed to this Man of Compromise, " I think I can draft a letter embodying the sense of the meeting, which will leave Lebenhardt with as small a feeling of bitterness and disquiet as the circumstances permit."

Sir Arthur rose from the table, as though dissociating himself from the whole business. " Have it your own way," he said grumpily, " but you can take it from me that Lebenhardt won't be in the least bit grateful to you for all the trouble you are putting yourselves to."

II

Sir Arthur was perfectly right. Baron Emil Von Lebenhardt promptly signalized his ingratitude in no uncertain manner by blowing out his brains in his office upon receipt of the carefully worded letter, which had not deceived him in the least. Roseborough, too, was right in scenting danger, and quite unwittingly Snow was right in foreseeing that the consequences might not be confined to one firm. The " run " gathered further impetus and within a few weeks the biggest bank in Austria found itself hopelessly insolvent; three months later the all-powerful Darmstaedter Bank in Berlin closed its doors; and scarcely six months after Lebenhardt's suicide Great Britain was hurled headlong from the gold standard. So that in a sense you may say that even the inarticulate George was right, too—which is all highly satisfactory, and a most convincing tribute to the collective wisdom of Milton Brothers, but more particularly to that of Sir Arthur.

The Religiosity of the Mountains

La religiosita e vaga, la religione e precisa Croce

By Arnold Lunn

LONG after the last peak has been climbed men will continue not only to climb mountains but to write books about mountaineering, and so long as men climb some at least will attempt to formulate a philosophy of mountaineering.

Both schools of thought, the subjective and the objective, are represented in recent additions to Alpine literature.* Sir Norman Watson and Mr. King tell a plain tale unadorned by philosophical disquisition, and describe simply and effectively their great adventure, the first crossing on ski and on foot of the Coast Range of British Columbia. Mrs. Richards, too, is content to describe what she has done and what she has seen, and she has seen and done a great deal. In search of adventure she has climbed the Himalayas and American Rockies, in Corsica and in Spain, and, of course, in our Alpine and British playgrounds. Her name, and her husband's, will be associated as long as mountaineering endures, with the first ascent of the grimmest face of one of the greatest of Alpine peaks, the Dent Blanche. Her writing is vigorous and never dull, and there are pages of real beauty in her book which will ensure it a well-thumbed future on the favourite shelves of many a mountain reader.

Both to Mr. Smythe and Mr. Irving, on the other hand, mountaineering is less a sport than a religion,

* "Round Mystery Mountain." By Sir Norman Watson, Bart., and Edward J. King, M.C. (Edward Arnold, 15s.).
"Climbing Days." By Dorothy Pilley (Mrs. Richards). (George Bell & Sons, 16s.).
"The Romance of Mountaineering." By R. L. G. Irving. (J. M. Dent & Sons, 18s.).
"An Alpine Journey." By F. S. Smythe. (Gollanz, 16s.).

but neither of them has taken the trouble to puzzle out the why and wherefore of the emotions which they experience among the mountains. Mr. Irving, unfortunately, is hampered by a paralysing shyness in his attempts to formulate his mountaineering credo. He is one of those who regard it as indecent to use the word "God," and his discreet references to his creator can only be identified by means of those unnecessary capitals with which Mr. Irving adorns the personal pronouns referring to the deity. The translators of the English Bibles and Prayer Books never capitalized a pronoun unless it was the first word in a sentence, and it has been left to this age of doubt to pay this curious tribute to faith, a tribute symptomatic of that reverential agnosticism which removes its hat with the same chivalrous gesture to a coffin and to a creed.

The Sunday Voice complex is one of the bye-products of respectful doubt. People who take the supernatural for granted are much more matter of fact in their references to the Creator. "The gods detained me in Egypt," says Homer's "Menelaus," "for my hetacombs had not given them full satisfaction, and the gods are very strict about their dues." This conception of God as a kind of supernatural tax-collector was certainly crude, but, on the whole, preferable to the wistful sentimentalism of semi-agnostics. Menelaus at least made an attempt to correlate cause and effect, and Mr. Irving would have done well to imitate his scientific approach in his attempt to explain his own reaction to the beauty of mountains. An emotion is a fact no less real than a stone, and science should attempt to explain not only the granite of the Wetterhorn but the emotion which that granite provokes. Though emotion must be explained, our explanation must be unemotional; rhetoric may help to describe beauty, but to explain beauty we must rely exclusively on the inductive method of science.

Both Mr. Smythe and Mr. Irving content themselves

with stating what they feel about the mountains and what they believe, but they lack the scientific curiosity to investigate why they feel what they do feel and why they believe what they do believe, perhaps because they feel that the religious approach is radically different from the scientific approach. A mistake, for religion, like science, is concerned with problems of origin. The great difficulties of materialism, using this word in its correct sense, are the origin of life and the origin of our sense of beauty. "When the materialist," writes J. B. Moseley, "has exhausted himself in his attempts to explain utility in nature, it would appear to be the peculiar office of beauty to rise up as a confounding and baffling extra."

I believe, in other words, that it is unnecessary to substitute the emotional for the scientific approach to these problems in order to prove that natural beauty is, in the words of a mediæval philosopher, "but the similitude of divine beauty shared among things." Baudelaire expresses the same conclusion in different words. "It is," he writes, "the immortal instinct for the beautiful which is the liveliest proof of immortality." But when we have conceded that mysticism may derive its inspiration from the beauty of mountains, and that the mountaineer has discovered the ascetic's secret that true contentment is the product of self-discipline, and even of pain, we have said all that we can usefully say on the subject of the so-called religion of the mountains. There is no such religion, for the mountains are only signposts pointing to truth.

I can sympathize with, and to some extent echo, the sincere confession of faith with which Mr. Irving brings a delightful book to a fitting conclusion, but I wish that his shyness had not prevented him from thinking out his *confessio fides* to its logical conclusion. "It is my one regret," he writes, "for being just an ordinary man, that I bring so little credit to the mountains that have done so much for me. Only one man knows the

creature I should have been without them." A mountain is a lump of granite or limestone, and one does not "bring credit" to limestone. One cannot be grateful *to* mountains; one can be grateful *for* them. *Quid retribui monti pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi* is an unconvincing version of an old prayer. One does not worship cathedrals—not even mountain cathedrals. And if Mr. Irving means that he recovered among the mountains his faith in the spiritual interpretation of reality which he was in danger of losing, he should have the courage of his convictions, even though these convictions are religious, and give credit not to granite and limestone, but to that eternal beauty—yes, I too suffer from Mr. Irving's form of shyness—of which mountain beauty is only a dim and pale reflection.

Shyness is Mr. Irving's difficulty, over-confidence is Mr. Smythe's temptation. If a man who had never climbed a mountain started out alone for the Weishorn without map and without ice-ace, he would not get very far. Mr. Smythe starts out for the ascent of the mountains of philosophy with no knowledge of what his predecessors have accomplished, and unprovided with the map of history or the axe of logic . . . and he does not get very far.

"The religion of the mountain," he tells us, "is not one of cant or ritual." What *does* this mean? Mountaineering, as we have seen, is no prophylactic against cant, and the mountaineer does not, I presume, disdain the ritualistic gesture of removing his hat when he meets a lady or passes the cenotaph. Mr. Smythe, it will be seen, has no respect for words, and no sense of their more precise significance, perhaps because he believes, as he somewhere says, that "words can only probe shallowly."

Mr. Smythe's account of his own mystical experiences would be more illuminating if he realized that a mystic need not necessarily be misty. The great mystics did not cultivate obscurity. On the contrary,

they were unresting in their attempts to discover the word, the phrase, the analogy or the metaphor dimly to suggest that which could never be adequately described. There is much in common between science and mysticism, but there is nothing in common between science and the pseudo-mysticism of which the following is an example. "There was silence," writes Mr. Smythe. "Even the hiss of my ski was hushed to a whisper, and this whisper spoke of some charm, magnifying the measurable into an eternity of time and space." The hiss of a ski is not "hushed to a whisper" by silence. The greater the silence the more obtrusive the hiss. True mysticism is an approximation to ultimate truth; pseudo-mysticism a contradiction of known facts.

Mr. Smythe's mysticism, indeed, illustrates Croce's subtle distinction between the precision of religion and the vagueness of religiosity.

Mr. Irving, like Mr. Smythe, has strong views on many subjects, but he is far more convincing. I am always tempted to suspect the sincerity of mountaineers who declaim against record breaking and competitive mountaineering, for such complaints have too often proceeded in the past from men whose own prestige suffered from the raising of a standard beyond the point at which they themselves could comfortably compete. The preachy strain is very strong in Alpine literature, but then preachiness is the Englishman's besetting weakness. Our Puritan forefathers enjoyed denouncing the sins of the flesh. We enjoy denouncing sins against sport. And we do so with the old Puritanical fervour. *Usque recurret.*

Mr. Irving, however, wears his surplice with a difference. He is less concerned with getting himself across than his message. His passionate sincerity is disarming. Every word in his chapter called "Mechanization and the Cult of Danger," rings true, and I am not even disposed to make capital out of the inconsistency between the publishers' jacket which informs us that

Mr. Irving has always shunned publicity and the publication of a book in which Mr. Irving gives publicity to his views.

Why is Mr. Irving so much more convincing than Mr. Smythe? Perhaps because Mr. Smythe is so anxious to convince us that Mr. Smythe is an idealist, and Mr. Irving is chiefly concerned to defend the true ideals of mountaineering. The practised novelist, as we all know, avoids labels. He does not *tell* us that his hero is brave or idealistic; he reveals his hero in action and in dialogue. Mr. Irving is convincing because he makes no attempt to label himself.

Mr. Irving feels strongly but—with certain reservations—he also thinks accurately. Most of us, for instance, feel a strong emotional dislike for the copious use of iron pitons, but Mr. Irving is the first mountaineer to suggest that the reasoned basis for our emotional conviction is that there is a radical distinction between cutting steps in ice and driving nails into a rock. " If you wrestle with a friend, the whole essence of the thing is spoiled if you use sharp claws to get a hold. Ice is but a sort of grease the mountain puts on its body to make it more illusive; its removal is no violation of any sporting instinct; loose stones, too, are but portions of his scaly skin that are dead; the piton must be driven into the living rock to make it fast." A metaphor which, unlike the metaphors which adorn purple patches, is the product of deep and accurate thinking.

Mr. Irving has much to say about religion, and he realizes that though the materialist may be an idealist, idealism is ultimately irreconcilable with the purely mechanical view of reality. Unfortunately Mr. Irving does not seem to have read the obituary notices of materialism, for his book is full of gloomy little asides such as " If we allow the existence of anything that can be called a soul." It is rather disconcerting that a schoolmaster whose personality and whose beliefs, both positive and negative, must exercise so profound an

influence on so many generations of young men, should still be living mentally in the twilight of Victorian agnosticism, and should apparently not have discovered the whole trend of modern science is towards a spiritual interpretation of the universe. " In an age," he writes, " when men's beliefs are shaken, when the ultimate end of life announced by mathematical philosophy is complete annihilation . . . " but the dissolution of matter prophesied by mathematical philosophy does not imply the annihilation of spirit. It may be true, as Sir James Jeans believes, that the break down of matter by radiation is a one-way, irreversible process. If this be so, some process must be postulated for the concentration of the energy which is being diffused. Sir James Jeans, as is well known, is convinced that this concentration was due to a definite act of creation.

It is not, however, theistic dogma with which I am concerned in this article but the " man-made dogma " that one should take some little trouble to get one's facts right even if one is only writing about so unimportant a subject as religion. A distinguished member of the staff of William of Wyckham's first foundation should know enough about William of Wyckham's religion not to make the elementary blunder of accusing the mediæval Church of holding views about the " opposition of the body and spirit " which that Church consistently denounced. I am, however, grateful to Mr. Irving for his jolly views on monks. Unfortunately though he is, I am not an authority on monasticism, and am therefore not in a position to criticize his interesting view that mountaineers go wrong because they do not contemplate enough, and that monks go wrong because they do nothing else but contemplate. " The monks," writes Mr. Irving, " made two fatal mistakes. They made moral perfection their aim. . . ." That, of course, was Fatal Mistake No. 1, but these miserable men, not content with aiming at moral perfection, " forgot that the physical side of life is the one which

must carry us on towards the spiritual goal." All rather puzzling, but it seems that Mr. Irving would like contemplation to be compulsory for mountaineers, and physical exercises to be included in the curriculum of Carthusians.

But surely if prayer and praise are important activities (as monks seem to think), it is perhaps desirable that some people should specialize in these rather neglected lines; on the other hand, if prayer and praise are a relic of superstition (as enlightened people seem to think), then clearly no tinkering with the monkish régime will redeem it from absurdity. You can't rationalize the Carthusian round by a brisk hour at the nets after lunch. I hope, however, that Mr. Irving will convert sportsmen to contemplation, failing which, so he assures us, the "sportsmen may fail as badly as the monks."

And how badly the monks failed is made clear by Professor Brewer.* "Christianity, as exhibited to the rude Anglo-Saxon, was exhibited also in practical lessons of life, co-operation, and free labour—of perfect obedience, order, regularity, economy, with all the wondrous results of which monasticism was the type and the example. If men know how to farm and to drain and till the land scientifically; if they know how colleges may be built and large households maintained without confusion; if they have learned to value economy, punctuality, and dispatch; nay more, if the minor obligations of social life, the unwritten laws of natural respect, good breeding, and politeness have grown up amongst men, these all were derived from the monasteries."

But whatever we may think of the account which Mr. Irving gives of his mountain philosophy, nobody will deny that he has written a book which is a genuine and moving Spiritual Æneid, which is never dull and never insincere, and which contains passages of great beauty.

* Preface to Giraldus Cambrensis in the Rolls Series.

Mr. Smythe is one of the greatest mountaineers of the day, and his earlier work, "Climbs and Ski Runs," raised our hopes. His last book is disappointing. It bears obvious signs of hasty compilation, and I still believe that Mr. Smythe has it in him to write an Alpine classic. I should advise him, however, to stick to simple narrative of adventure, but if he must philosophize, let him remember that it is as important to think accurately as to feel strongly. Philosophy has its technique no less than ice-craft, and a few seasons with an experienced companion is a useful prelude to guideless adventures among the hills of thought.

The Psychology of Match Play

By Sir F. Gordon Lowe, Bt.

A GLANCE down the list of Wimbledon champions recalls to mind the interesting fact that each one has succeeded with entirely different methods and strokes. This proves up to the hilt that it is by no means strokes alone which bring victory. All these great players of the past and present have indeed, besides stamina, which is essential to success, possessed one great gift in common, some more than others, i.e. the flair for match play. It is this ability to make the utmost of your game on a great occasion and every little circumstance of a match which counts more than anything else.

No modern player understands the psychology of match play better than Fred Perry. Just like Tilden before him, Perry recognizes the key games of a match, and makes his best coincide with them. He knows exactly when to put on the pressure and when to relax. The actual crisis, Tilden says, may come at any moment of a struggle. Some matches may turn the invisible corner of victory in the first game of all, while others may have to wait until the last for the actual turn to take place. Only the real champion recognizes this psychological moment when it comes, seldom to return, and is able to take advantage of it.

Perry is the best fifth set player since Bill Tilden. When he faces an opponent in that last crucial stage of some harrowing five set encounter the odds are usually on him coming through. Incidentally, even if the scores are level, I believe players sometimes get an uncanny intuition towards the close of a long struggle whether they are going to win or lose, at least I know I did. It is a pleasant feeling when the knowledge is in the affirmative!

There is a subtle difference between match play and practice. One so often hears how well "so and so" is

playing in an ordinary game, but when this player comes up against the same opponent in a serious match he goes down easily. This is because match play with its attendant nervous strain is entirely different from free and easy practice games which are inclined to flatter a man and make him think he is playing well when he isn't. Maskell, for instance, can run both Perry and Austin close in " knock up " games at Wimbledon, but would have little chance against either in a real match. The moral, then, for those keen to improve is to go in for plenty of competitive play until they become hardened to it. Some lucky people, like Perry and Borotra, can only produce their best in a match and get beaten all ends up in a " friendly " when they are rightly only trying out strokes and experimenting.

I might mention here that it is quite justifiable to keep a good deal up your sleeve when practising against an opponent one is likely to meet shortly after in a tournament. Apropos of this, years ago I had a friendly game with Sleem, just before I was due to meet him in the Punjab championships at Lahore. We had never even seen each other play before and the wily Indian was apparently out to learn a bit more about my game than I was about his. I thought at that time I should be able to beat this newcomer in any case. At any rate, be that as it may, when the day for the real match came round, Sleem was first past the post after a long and weary struggle. Incidentally, Sleem, who was a hard hitter before, suddenly learnt in this match the value of the stone-walling tactics with which he began to hold me after his ordinary open game had failed in the first set. Since then the famous Indian has never employed any other methods than these and they have certainly paid him and brought a good measure of success. Sleem admits that he owes his present style of play to what he learned from me in this match.

I remember in the Olympic games in Stockholm in 1912 at which the King of Sweden, still a keen player,

was an interested spectator all through, A. W. Gore, the captain, was strongly criticized for not allowing Beamish, a member of the British team, to give Tony Wilding, of New Zealand, practice, prior to the event. From a technical point of view, if not from the sporting, Gore was probably right.

To succeed, a player must be tremendously keen and be prepared to play on and on even if success does not at first come his way. Lack of confidence in your own powers is one of the usual causes for failure. Cochet stresses the point that there are far too many players who say to themselves both before and during a match "I want to win," instead of "I will win." Confidence can only be acquired against every type of opponent and on all sorts of courts over a long period. This is why a veteran like Tilden can still hold his own against much younger men like Vines and Nusslein.

Without confidence—the complete control of one's nerves—even a great player will fail. There is nothing like success for instilling this quality and removing any nervous feelings. Miss Round has been a very different player since she held the Wimbledon crown. Incidentally, confidence and fitness go hand in hand. The fit man is far less likely to be "nervy" on court, or to be upset by an unruly ball boy, a doubtful decision or the click of a camera man, which can only be detrimental to his game. Baron Von Cramm, the German champion, has perfect court manners, partly the result of his careful training.

Something extra besides tennis is required to keep a man fit, such as the brisk daily walk, morning exercises and attention to diet. Many women, including Miss Jacobs, Miss Stammers and Miss James, find regular skipping a great aid to training, especially for quickening up footwork. Incidentally, the great difference between a first and second class player is in footwork, which can only be improved by incessant practice and application.

Over-confidence is almost as bad as lack of it. It was

probably due to this that Miss Scriven lost her Wightman Cup match to Mrs. Palfrey Fabyan, after she had stood at 5—1 and match point in the final set last year. This extraordinary change of fortune was one of these unexplained things which happen at tennis sometimes.

Concentration is another very important and necessary quality in tennis and if ordinary players would only be more intent on the game instead of letting their minds wander to other things, their all-round improvement would at once be astonishing. Cochet wisely defines concentration as the wilful suppression of everything during a match except the ball, the opponent and the court.

Mrs. Moody, whose calm efficiency still seems at once to instil an inferiority complex in some of her opponents, owes much of her success to this gift. Perry's recent advance to the top has also been due to his greater powers of concentration, which enable him to shut out side happenings from his mind once the game has started. This has always been one of the most marked assets of the Japanese players, from that wonderful little sportsman Shimizu down to Yamagishi and Nishimura of to-day. The Japanese never show their feelings on court, even to the flicker of an eyelid, which is as it should be. Shimizu, as a matter of fact, used to allow himself a faint smile if he missed the ball! The same may be said of young J. Caska, the new Czechoslovakian star to-day.

Many fail because they give up their efforts too soon. Success is longer in coming to some than others—there is no fixed rule. It took Perry only five years of serious play to reach the top, which was a marvellous feat, while Austin's apprenticeship was just double as long. It is interesting to reflect here that it is because their styles are so different, though in effect the results they produce are much the same, that Perry and Austin make such a well-balanced Davis Cup singles combination.

Another cause of failure with the young is that after accomplishing something good they will rest on their

laurels too long. This is really the psychological moment to push on for all they are worth, and consolidate their success. Then again, many, even the great ones, play too much by instinct. They are too automatic, using the same type of game against all opponents. It would be better if they would combine the natural instinct with more headwork as Tilden, Perry and Miss Jacobs do.

It is certainly alarming for a novice to be on the show court at some tournament for the first time against some seasoned campaigner. I remember a famous soldier once telling me he was much more frightened when playing in his first match, with an umpire and a corps of linesmen, than in going into action! On occasions like this it should be remembered an opponent is probably not as good as the newcomer imagines and that he may be just as nervous. Try to imagine such an opponent is just some ordinary player and far more games can be obtained; even a surprise victory might be snatched.

I remember, many years ago, S. J. Watts, the man who throws the ball up higher for service than anyone else has ever done, and I ran Roper Barrett, who was dressed up as a Dutchman, and his partner very close before we discovered his identity. Had we known who he was during the match we should not have done so well! Many a young man is beaten by another's reputation rather than his skill.

Under no circumstances should a player be content with one set; if he can capture one he might just as well win the match. I imagine that if that fine stroke maker, Miss Hardwick, could have got it out of her mind the other day at St. George's Hill, that it was Mrs. Moody she was up against, she might have annexed those two points which separated her from victory in the second set. All the same, Mrs. Moody is still a great match player!

A curious point about match play is although A. can beat C., it does not in the least follow that A. will beat D., who is invariably conquered by C. This is continually being proved at tennis. Then again, every player seems

to have some *bête noire* or other whom he ought to beat according to form but never can. As all the world knows, Perry has now added the French crown to his other long list of honours, but previously in Paris bad luck had dogged his footsteps which included defeats by both De Stefani and Menzel. Nerves, the great handicap of the average player, can only be conquered by continual match play which in the end should become second nature. That sinking feeling a player gets before a match is indispensable if he is to be keyed up sufficiently during it. If it is the right kind of feeling it will soon wear off once the match gets under way.

Staleness is more a mental condition than a physical one. A man's brain becomes bored with too much tennis, and he simply cannot make the necessary effort, as happened to Perry against an inspired Farquharson on the Centre Court in 1933. The modern way is to play right through staleness, as Crawford did last year, and it will wear off gradually.

Nearly everyone goes through the stage of getting near to winning a match without being quite able to do so. A long lead seems to vanish into the air and ends in defeat. This is heartbreaking, and possibly due to taking victory too much for granted; more likely it is due to nervousness and thinking in games instead of in points. "If only I can win this game the match will be mine," is a dangerous thought when in sight of victory. Probably if Miss Billie Yorke in Paris had not thought in this way, her 5—2 final set lead against Mme. Henrotin would not have been turned into a French victory by her hard-hitting opponent. On these occasions the one ahead must keep calm, forget the score and fight for each point as it comes. When in sight of victory one should always go out for it, and never play "pat ball."

It is of course always necessary to play to the score and let a set go if in a hopeless position. This is where Perry, as mentioned before, is so clever in sensing the right moments to make his effort. In a five-set match

the third set is the one most often dropped for a breather, and also a first set is frequently allowed to go while a man is finding his range. In a three-setter it is seldom wise to let a first set go without a struggle, though, having won the first, it may be advisable to slack off in the second and concentrate on the final struggle. As a general rule, however, it is best to go all out from start to finish, unless an attempt is made to bluff an opponent into a false sense of security by, for instance, feigning tiredness, as Borotra is said to have done on occasions.

Talking of playing to the score, Tilden says the player who will consistently throw on the pressure at the third point of every game and who will press steadily harder with each succeeding game from the fourth of each set on to the end, will find himself a victor in the majority of matches.

During the preliminary knock up try to learn something of your opponent's strokes without showing him too much of your own. Strive hard to capture the two opening games of a match as before now I have known them mean the foundation of victory.

In discussing analysis Cochet considers a champion should possess the faculty of calculating the risk: in other words he should never play a more difficult shot than the occasion demands as many, I think, do in order to show off. A clever player should be able to dissect his opponent's game, separating its strength from its weakness, and adapt his knowledge accordingly. Use to your advantage, says Cochet, the sun, the wind, and the characteristics of the court's surface. This is very important as is also the attention to every detail in one's clothes, which should be well adjusted, with shoes carefully laced and belt neither too loose nor too tight.

In my opinion it is essential to make a careful analysis of your opponent's game before a match as well as during it. Also your own. To be always checking back your game and finding out the reason for failures is one of the

keynotes of success, says that famous coach, Mercer Beasley.

It was because Bunny Austin had never seen Vines play a single shot before he came to face him in the Wimbledon final of 1932 that he fared so badly. It is said, by the way, that Sidney Wood, when he is apparently sauntering around the back of the court between the rallies, is really analysing his opponent's game and thinking out his next move.

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A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

May 9th.

SALISBURY market all day, where I met an enthusiast on the subject of land settlement. He was perfectly convinced that, given land, stock, and equipment, most of our unemployed town workmen would soon be able to keep themselves and their families without further assistance. I told him I should put the proportion who would succeed in doing this at only 1 per cent. It is useless to discuss this problem solely on sentimental grounds. The things to consider are firstly, what does the town workman wish to obtain from a country life; and secondly, what does he bring to the countryside to enable him to obtain his desires? In most cases he brings only unskilled labour, and with that he will be forced to compete with skilled labour in a setting which is strange to him and familiar to the expert. Therefore, all he will obtain and all he should expect to obtain from his country life is about 75 per cent. of what the skilled farm labourer obtains, even with the added assistance of interest—free capital. I doubt if this would satisfy him. Besides, most successful small-holders are men who have sweated blood and denied themselves all pleasure and luxury in order to save the wherewithal to start on their own. Is it fair to use state money to finance unskilled men to compete with these, particularly when one considers that our present agricultural policy cannot handle our existing farm production in a manner to enable them to get a decent livelihood? While this country is run on the capitalistic system it is not fair; neither will it succeed in its object, for, even with interest-free capital few town unemployed workmen would be able to compete with the average small-holder successfully, or be content with the return from his fourteen-hour day if they did succeed.

May 14th.

Since Jubilee Day May has been behaving disgracefully. She appears to have contracted an unholy and unnatural marriage with December, and the progeny are a twin of horrors—east wind and frost. True, the good start which April's rains gave to the countryside is preventing them from doing too much harm, but everyone will be glad to see the back of them. I took my rod out this afternoon for the first time this season, but there was nothing doing, and there won't be anything doing until May regains her Jubilee smile; or, better still, decides to weep with remorse for her ungracious behaviour.

May 18th.

Instead of May relenting or rather repenting the weather gets colder and colder, and yesterday's frost has done a lot of damage. Fruit growers tell me that most fruit can stand a few degrees of frost at this season—cherries apparently can stand up to eight—but that more than this means disaster to the crop. I see that Ross-on-Wye registered fifteen degrees yesterday, and that Farnborough had nineteen; which must mean considerable damage, especially to the strawberry crop. Indeed, the papers report to-day that growers are ploughing in their strawberries, and that the whole crop is wiped out, a piece of news which I beg leave to doubt. Nature has wonderful powers of resistance, and no weather damage ever turns out to be as bad as it looks at first. By which token I will bet money that there will be still a fair crop of strawberries even in Hampshire where the worst frost occurred. Even so, there is no doubt that our fruit farmers all over the country have suffered considerably, and it shows how chancy a thing this form of farming is and must be in this climate. A fruit grower must needs make a huge profit during good seasons in order to be able to stand the financial losses he must experience during the bad ones—for the cost of production and the overhead charges remain even when a frost wipes out the entire crop.

May 25th.

In spite of the cold I found to-day that the sugar-beet was up, but one could not say that the plants were up in drill. Jim and I meandered across the field this morning with our heads bowed as though in search of treasure. He had just finished flat-hoeing a half-acre of mangolds which I put in for the benefit of our three riding horses next winter. Rummy how farming changes. When I milked forty cows on this farm I grew ten acres of mangolds for them. Now that I milk a herd of eighty I do not grow any mangolds for them. Having laid water on to every field it seems hardly sound business to grow and haul out to cows a root which is composed of about 90 per cent. water. But to return to the beet. Jim said that he could see them well enough to pick them out, but when I suggested that I hired some extra hands to help him, he said, " Ef you send any o' they 'alf-skim dole blokes up yer then I goos. I'd a zight sooner work all day an' all night than work wi' sich messers." There is no doubt that the older farm labourers who have never been out of work would be much harsher in their treatment of the unemployed than any committee of employers of labour. Most of them subscribe to the doctrine of " He that does not work, neither shall he eat ".

May 30th.

Ascension Day. Yesterday one of my neighbours told me that it always thundered on this day every year. I laughed at him for being superstitious, pointing out that there was no sign of any change in the weather, whereupon he said, " 'Tisn't a question of superstition at all; it's a matter of fact. Ascension Day's our village Club Day, and it always thunders." Well, to-day we have had a sharp thunderstorm, and my friend called in the evening just for the joy of saying, " I told you so ", and once again reiterating his statement that Club Day was always the occasion of thunder. Also he told me something else of interest in connection with village feasts——that,

forty years ago, for some days after these occasions many of the villagers suffered from meat poisoning, owing to the amount which they consumed. At that date the farm worker was hard put to it to get enough to eat, and only saw meat on high days and holidays. Now the caterer for village feasts reckons for exactly one third of the amount per head which was consumed at the time of King Edward's coronation. Which just shows that in spite of the existing depression in farming there is little under-nourishment or poverty in England's rural districts. Indeed, many farm workers' households spend more per week on bus fares than they do on bread. To the text that man cannot live by bread alone, to-day we must add that he cannot live without petrol.

June 1*st.*

This evening I accepted an invitation to dine at a large public school and afterwards to talk to the boys about opportunities in farming. I have not yet recovered from the shock. I dined with the Head and two of his staff, and found that I was the oldest man present at the table. And I am but forty-three. I did my best to talk sense after dinner, but I felt almost senile before I left. Apparently time has been creeping ahead of me without my being aware of it. Driving home to-night I considered the problem in all its aspects, and came to the conclusion that I was in grave danger of becoming very narrow-minded and intolerant of youth, in the same way that old men have been all down the ages. I don't feel old, and I have always thought myself rather an adventurous blade, but it has just struck me that in truth I am a veritable hayseed, almost an anachronism. In these days of change I find that I am one of the few men of my age in this district who is living in the house in which he was born. I must watch carefully that my mind does not stay in one place also. Consequently, I set down these reflections before going to bed lest the humble mood brought about by to-night's happenings should have

evaporated by the morning. Note—it rained a trifle on the road home, thanks be.

June 5th.

Derby Day. Although I could not get to Epsom, like most Englishmen I had a modest bet. Also I have a ticket in the Irish Sweepstake. Neither was successful, but it has occurred to me that the desires of the average Englishman are fairly simple. Most of us want reasonable security in a job which will enable us to take our wife or best girl to the pictures, to have a bob on the two-thirty, to buy a sweepstake ticket or a pint of beer or a few chocolates as and when we think fit, to watch football, and to be let alone by interfering busybodies to enjoy these simple pleasures. Added together they don't seem much to ask of life, but neither of these things will the powers-that-be let us have in peace—indeed they seem to devote most of their efforts to preventing us from obtaining any one of them. Which just shows what a peace-loving people we are, and how lucky that is for some of our more-annoying social reformers.

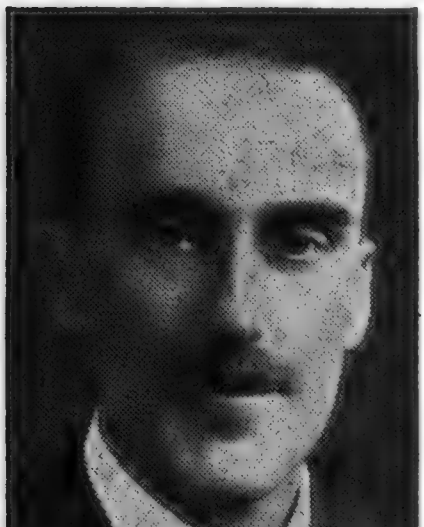
June 6th.

Now that it is time to start haymaking down comes the rain, in quantity enough to do a little damage and a dickens of a lot of good. Indeed, had this rain not come many farmers in this district were in grave danger of finding themselves seriously over-stocked, for the grass keep has been shrinking rapidly, and even the hay cut seems to have been getting less daily as it stands. There is a little grass already cut hereabouts, but I shall not down any until after Whitsun for two reasons. One, that it will take a day or two for it to get its head up again after the heavy rain; and two, that I have to be away at Ashridge this week-end.

June 7th.

Driving to Ashridge to-day through Hants, Berks, Bucks, and Herts, I noticed the effect of the May frosts

on the woodland. The oaks seem to have suffered the worst, and show an Autumn brown foliage in the midst of the green of the other trees. Three times I stopped to examine them, and each time I found that the leaves could be crumbled to powder between my fingers. I suppose that they will recover all right, for there must have been May frosts in England before this year which our oaks have survived, but never before have I seen these trees looking so sick and sorry for themselves at this time of year.



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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE most notable event of the month, so far as Great Britain is concerned, has been the appointment of Sir Samuel Hoare to succeed Sir John Simon as Foreign Secretary. The latter should do better at the Home Office than at his old post (it would anyhow be difficult for him to do worse), for that legal mind which is an asset in a Home Secretary is a liability in his colleague at the Foreign Office. Sir Samuel Hoare is an unknown quantity in his new office, but he has had a good deal of experience of the Continent, and he possesses considerable administrative ability. The rumour, too, which has not been denied, that the new Foreign Secretary proposes to spend more time in Whitehall, and less in aeroplanes and trains, than has of late been the case, is distinctly reassuring.

In many quarters it was taken for granted that Mr. Eden would succeed Sir John Simon, and those of the former's critics who maintain that he is nothing more than a skilful negotiator, with a tendency to be impressed by the permanent officials, seem to have converted Mr. Baldwin to their point of view. It is also interesting to note that Mr. Eden did not demand the succession with a threat of resignation if he were not given it, a course which some of his supporters expected him to adopt. However, if a peripatetic Cabinet minister is now a necessity of the new diplomacy, it is as well that one individual should be specially detailed for the post, and that he should have wide experience of the work he is to undertake.

The Little Entente

RECENT events have considerably weakened Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, and with them the power of the Little Entente as a whole. The elections in the former country resulted in a crushing defeat for the old

parties which had been the dominant force ever since the achievement of national independence seventeen years ago, for the *Sudetendeutsche Partei* of Herr Henlein obtained 1,249,497 votes (the largest number cast for any one party), and it has 44 deputies in the new Parliament, whereas it had none in the last. Voting in Czecho-Slovakia is compulsory, and Herr Henlein's party, which is Nazi in its tendencies, polled over 70 per cent. of the German votes.

The immediate result was the resignation of the Cabinet, but the latter has now been re-formed without, however, the inclusion of Herr Henlein or his followers. It is, indeed, based upon a coalition which is virtually directed against them, and which is dependent upon the support of a number of small groups. M. Benes has not been slow to realize the growing weakness of his position, and there are reasons to suppose that his attitude towards Austria has undergone considerable modification. A further danger threatening Czecho-Slovakia is the age of President Masaryk, and the apparent impossibility of finding a successor who would enjoy even a tithe of his prestige. In speculating upon the future of the country it is also well to bear in mind that of its 14½ million inhabitants only 6½ million are Czech.

Jugo-Slavia

THE Jugo-Slav elections were even more damaging to those in power. In Belgrade only 52 per cent. of the electors voted, while in Croatia the Opposition won sweeping victories. It is worthy of note that several British and American journalists who went to Croatia and Dalmatia to report the polling were arrested, and ordered either to leave the country or to collect their information in Belgrade alone. The allocation of seats under the Electoral Law has been curious. In the capital the Government obtained some 30,000 votes, and the Opposition about 10,000; in Zagreb the result was the reverse; but the Government candidates were declared to have

won all the seats in both towns. The final official figures give 1,747,037 votes to the Government, and 1,076,346 to the Opposition. In the new Parliament the former is represented by 303, and the latter by 67, deputies.

It now remains to be seen whether Prince Paul's policy of conciliation can save the domestic situation, or whether it is too late. In any event, the Jugo-Slav Government has had a rude shock, and this must affect its attitude towards international questions. The regime in Rumania is to-day probably more firmly established than in either of its partners in the Little Entente, but, however that may be, the position of the latter has been weakened considerably during the past few weeks.

General Göring's Tour

IN these circumstances General Göring's visit to South-Eastern Europe was not quite so foolish as some of his foreign critics have maintained. It was primarily intended to revive friendship with Germany's war-time allies. In Hungary, where there is considerable alarm at Italy's apparent abandonment of her revisionist policy to meet the wishes of the Little Entente, General Göring received a warm welcome, and the old line between Budapest and Berlin is now working again. King Boris was also very friendly, but Bulgaria is in too exposed a situation to commit herself, although she feels resentment at the failure of the intrigues in London and Paris to increase her territory at the expense of Greece. In Belgrade the General's reception was frigid, but the tour has served to show that the time may not be far distant when there will be distinct possibilities in a revival of the *Drang nach Osten* policy.

This, combined with the weakness of the Little Entente as a result of the Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav elections, has provided Germany with an argument of which she has not been slow to make use. The attacks on Italy in the Press have suddenly ceased, and that Power has been shown how an agreement with Berlin would

protect her rear if she does decide to undertake the conquest of Abyssinia. In effect, it has been pointed out to Signor Mussolini that a Germano-Hungaro-Bulgarian alliance might be more use to him than the Little Entente in its present enfeebled condition. We are a long way from Stresa, and the "united front" against Germany.

Germany and Her Critics

THIS diplomatic activity on the part of Germany has found British public opinion in a state of bewilderment, and it must be admitted that there is some very muddled thinking in this country at the present time where anything German is concerned. Those who approve of the Nazi regime appear to feel it incumbent upon them to defend Berlin's foreign policy, while those who dislike Herr Hitler are prepared to advocate any injustice towards those over whom he rules. Such an attitude is quite illogical. One may approve of the internal reforms effected by the Nazis, but view their foreign policy with the gravest apprehension, while those who never tire of denouncing the Third Reich would do well to reflect upon Burke's statement with regard to the difficulty of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.

The internal government of a country is, broadly speaking, its own affair, always provided that it does not outrage the ordinary standards of civilization, as has been the case in Russia, Spain, and Mexico. Its foreign policy is the affair of all the world, and is generally constant whatever the regime. There are no signs that the Nazis are losing their hold in Germany, though a modification of their religious policy may soon become essential, but German aggression abroad requires the closest possible attention, not least by Great Britain. If Herr Hitler's British critics would concentrate upon this issue, they would be doing their own country a much more useful service.

The French Crisis

GERMAN diplomatic activity has, significantly enough, coincided with another politico-financial crisis in France. The latter has been temporarily solved by sending the Senate and the Chamber away on holiday until October, while M. Laval governs by decree. Great Britain is now the only Great Power in Europe which possesses a Parliament that is functioning normally. Is this the beginning of the end of the Parliamentary System in France? It is too early to answer the question yet; but M. Laval has set a dangerous precedent, and the analogy with pre-Nazi Germany is surely a little too close to be altogether reassuring to those who still believe in the virtues of democracy. Meanwhile, the power of the *Croix de Feu* is growing for all men to see, though the solution it favours is by no means clear.

At the same time the enemies of France would be foolish to presume on her apparently chaotic internal condition. That mistake has been made on more than one occasion in the past, for the weaker France looks the stronger she generally proves to be. The root of the trouble at the present time is that the average Frenchman does not trust his leaders, either political or financial: it is true that he never has trusted them much, but to-day he trusts them less than ever, and with very good reason. The result is that while the country is rich, the State is poor. In normal times this works very well, as it enables the elector to control the politicians in a way quite unknown in modern England; but times are not normal, and a long series of crises is the result.

The Real Problem

THE French politicians insist that the trouble is financial rather than political, but that is a half-truth. If they would make good politics, it would be possible to have good finance. The waste of public money, and the corruption in every walk of national life, have

convinced the peasant and the *petite bourgeoisie* that the State cannot be safely entrusted with their savings. Finance is essentially the country of the "small" man, and it is he who suffers when a Stavisky is exposed. On this side of the Channel it is possible to hush up all save the worst scandals, because it is Big Business that is chiefly affected and it can stand the loss.

Sooner or later there must be a drastic overhaul of the Constitution. The Chamber was originally given extensive powers to balance a strong hereditary monarchy (*pas de l'argent, pas de Suisses*), but in the absence of the King the Constitution has become increasingly more lopsided. Whether it can be modified without upsetting the regime remains to be seen, but every crisis brings the day nearer when this question will have to be solved. France will not tolerate a state of latent Fronde indefinitely.

The Greek Elections

THE result of the elections for the Constituent Assembly in Greece has not caused any surprise, except in so far as it has revealed the Venizelists to be even weaker than was generally supposed. These latter deliberately abstained from the poll, but even so the total abstentions were only 15 per cent. of the electorate, which is about the normal. A week or two before the polling it was anticipated that General Metaxas and his ultra-Royalists would come back stronger than has proved to be the case, but the reason for their failure was the fact that the ministers, not least M. Tsaldaris and General Condylis, were at great pains to prove that they are as good monarchists as their opponents. A large proportion of the successful Government candidates were avowed Royalists.

The next step is the holding of the plebiscite on the question of the regime, and the date for this will be fixed as soon as the Constitutent Assembly meets. Old Greece, that is to say the Peloponnese, Attica, and the other provinces which were Greek before the Balkan War, is over-

whelmingly monarchist, and the recent elections have shown how weak is the position of the Venizelists in their former strongholds in Macedonia and Thrace. The Royalist cause is, of course, being greatly aided by the dignified attitude of King George II., and by his declared determination not to reign as the nominee of one party, but as the representative of the national interests as a whole. The Greeks have an excellent opportunity of giving a lead to the rest of the world by returning to hereditary kingship, and so displaying their contempt for both the fashionable gods of the moment, tyranny and ochlocracy.

The Far East

THE news from the Far East is confusing, but it is all of a piece. China is coming to terms with Japan, though there may be a certain amount of blood-letting in the process of " saving face." The ultimate implications of all this are far from clear, but what is already obvious is that we have, to quote that eloquent phrase beloved of the Prime Minister, missed the bus very badly indeed owing to our folly in placing the consistency of the League of Nations above the interests of Great Britain. We could have sold our recognition of Manchukuo at a high price in the early days of that State: now neither the Manchus nor the Japanese care a rap whether we recognize it or not.

The Emperor whom we have ignored seems more than likely to return to Pekin, and the Power we have insulted controls a large part of the Celestial Empire. By our short-sighted sentimentality we have placed ourselves in an impossible position in Manchukuo, and we are now endangering our very considerable interests in Northern China; is it too much to hope that the British Government will reconsider its policy before we are swept out of the Far East altogether? Truckling to the United States and subservience to the League have brought disaster.

We used to be called a nation of shop-keepers, but we seem to have forgotten how to keep shop.

A Disturbing Book

A BOOK has recently made its appearance which should be read by all who wish to understand the position in the Balkans to-day. It is *Black Hand over Europe* by Henri Pozzi (Francis Mott, 8s. 6d.), and was mentioned in these columns in its original French edition in December, 1933. It is not a volume for the squeamish or for the bedside, for M. Pozzi does not spare his readers in the matter of horrors. He purports to relate the truth about the Serajevo and Marseilles murders, the Serbian secret societies, and the Balkan Pact. There are also chapters on the alleged Jugo-Slav misrule in Macedonia. What is of value in this volume is that whether the statements in it are true or not, a great many people believe them, and so it helps the ordinary citizen in this country to understand that psychology of fear which is so prevalent in South-East Europe.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

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Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

Nicholas Berdyaev*

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV is a Christian mystic with, like Dostoievsky and other Russian mystics, more affinity to the author of the Book of Revelation than to Christ. Although he says that "in a certain sense, every single human soul has more meaning and value than the whole of history with its empires, its wars and revolutions. . ." he is more concerned with the dangers and terrors of collective action than with the sources of strength and happiness open to the individual spirit. He therefore sees the present age out of perspective, and assigns to it an absolute significance for which a comparison of it with previous ages affords no warrant. "We are witnessing," he says, "a judgment upon not one epoch in history, but upon history itself. And in this

* The Fate of Man in the Modern World (Student Christian Movement Press. 3/6.)

sense we live in an apocalyptic time ", and elsewhere—" Our time is distinguished by the fact that this demoniac possession is organized."

The desire for power over other men is common to all energetic and imaginatively undeveloped natures in every age, and is behind all the wars, revolutions, and persecutions of history. This " demoniac possession" is no more thoroughly organised now than it was under Augustus Cæsar or Philip II. of Spain or Queen Elizabeth or Peter the Great or Oliver Cromwell or Napoleon Bonaparte. Ideas subversive of an autocracy were as easily suppressed before the telephone as they are nowadays. It is obvious to anyone who reads Don Quixote with care, or reflects on Shakespeare's " Art made tongue-tied by authority " in the light of his plays, that even writers not directly concerned with politics had to tread delicately in sixteenth century Spain and England. Not, perhaps, with quite as much delicacy as is necessary at the moment in Germany and Russia, but both these countries are at present in a peculiarly abnormal state which will abate in due course and from which it is absurd to infer a new symptom in the chronic disease called history.

That Berdyaev is, in his calmer moments, aware of his distorted perspective appears from such sentences as " The distinction between the things of Cæsar and the things of God is constantly being erased in our fallen world," but he has not noticed that to enforce his view that we are living in a uniquely disordered age he uses phrases the antiquity of which refutes his argument—man is a wolf to man, bread and circuses, " in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

The confusion in his mind derives from the fact that he has not reconciled his insight and his emotions. He knows that in every age many are called and few chosen, but this knowledge conflicts with his desire, always strong in Russians, to believe that the wholesale salvation of humanity is realisable in this world. This desire goes

with the illusion that the mass of mankind is being depressed from a level gained in earlier ages. "Man appears unable to defend his own value" he says ". . . Man has lost his worth; it has been torn to tatters." Yet this lost worth, we read elsewhere, is nothing more elevated than "the former organic, half-vegetable life of the mass," which, Berdyaev laments, "has become impossible."

That Berdyaev feels the necessity of freeing himself from his obsession with the follies and brutalities of collective action appears in a passage towards the end of this book—"The new Christian man does not curse the world, neither does he condemn and anathematize the possessed and idolatrous . . . He strives to bring the liberating, spiritual element into all of human life. A personality which is strengthened and supported spiritually, cannot permit itself to divide its forces, can never permit itself to be possessed by demoniac powers. Such a personality is not isolated and shut in upon itself, it is accessible to all universal meaning and open to all super-personal values."

Hamilton Fyfe

MR. HAMILTON FYFE'S autobiography "My Seven Selves" (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.) is a book of unusual interest. Mr. Fyfe soon reached success as a journalist, passing from a post on "The Times" to the editorship of a paper called the "Morning Advertiser," his work on which attracted Northcliffe's attention. The "Daily Mirror," one of Northcliffe's papers, was doing badly, but when Mr. Fyfe took charge its circulation shot up. During the latter part of the war Mr. Fyfe directed German propaganda at Crewe House, from which he distributed thousands of leaflets by aeroplane over the German trenches. In these leaflets the German tommy was informed of the excellent food the English were eating, of the arrival of the Americans, and of other matters likely to impair his fighting spirit. Above all, he was promised

good terms if his country yielded, and it was the failure of the Allied governments to fulfil this promise which, Mr. Fyfe says, proved "the final straw that broke the back of my confidence in the politicians."

In his disillusionment with the representatives of the established order, Mr. Fyfe turned to the Labour party, believing that it embodied the ideal of comradeship in which he saw the only hope of humanity, after the bankruptcy of nationalism in the war. But his experiences as editor of the "Daily Herald" showed him that the qualified Utopianism of Ramsay MacDonald, Bevin and A. J. Cook was as poor a soil for the growth of brotherly love as the less aspiring creeds of the older parties. Now, at sixty-five, Mr. Fyfe is, literally and figuratively, cultivating his garden, and, as a character in Roderick Random puts it, is letting futurity shift for itself. Happy in his marriage and in the enjoyment of nature, he might agree with Dr. Johnson that no man is obliged to do as much as he could, and might justifiably add that he had done a great deal.

Apart from being a sincere and delightful record of his own life, this book contains many acute remarks on Mr. Fyfe's contemporaries. Arnold Bennett he sums up as "a man ruined by lack of education . . . His narrow provincial upbringing had left him with a foolish reverence for money and fashionable modes of spending it." Ramsay MacDonald he found peevish and vain, and Baldwin an adroit politician with a deceptive appearance of good humour and honest frankness. Of Northcliffe he writes with affection tempered by insight—"He knew at once whether he could behave overbearingly, which he rather liked to do at times; whether he could make a man the butt of his humour; or whether the only terms on which they could meet must be those of equality." The most devastating of his sketches is of President Coolidge, whose reputation for silence Mr. Fyfe attributes to the fact that, though garrulous, he never said anything which anyone could remember.

Jane Austen

IN " Jane Austen " (The Leslie Stephen lecture. 1935. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.) Lord David Cecil writes with his usual grace and acuteness. In spite of Jane Austen's narrow range, he says justly, her characters have a universal significance. " ' Mansfield Park ' does not, like Cranford, appeal to us first by its period charm : we do not remember Mr. Elton as we remember Archdeacon Grantly because he is such a true picture of an English clergyman. He could turn into a Scotch minister and we should still recognise him." There is, however, a distinction, which David Cecil does not point out, between a character we should recognise in any setting and a character which, when recognised, moves us deeply. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exist everywhere, but mean little wherever they exist. There are no King Lears in Jane Austen, which largely explains her popularity in England, but, from the purely literary standpoint, relegates her to a place among the lesser classics. " Myself " David Cecil writes " I find it (Jane Austen's philosophy) more impressive " than that of " the most majestic novelists ". He would, he continues, worry for weeks and weeks if he incurred the disapproval of Jane Austen, but would be little moved by the criticisms of Flaubert or Dostoievsky or Balzac or even Tolstoi. This tribute illustrates other things than the moral majesty of Jane Austen. The searching comments of a maiden aunt leave untouched the chief issues of existence. To argue that one can find everything in Jane Austen is to suggest a desire to ignore what is arduous or painful in life.

" Joskin "

IN the April number I quoted Clare's—

" And crowds of kingcups golden in the sun
Shone on the mole-hills of that happy place."

A correspondent takes Clare and me to task as follows—

" Sir,—' King-cups ' nor other plants do *not* grow on ' mole-hills ' perhaps this is the ' poignancy ' your critic refers to.

' JOSKIN '."

It may perhaps help " Joskin " to Clare's meaning if he will consider the difference between " The moon shone on ' Joskin's ' upturned face " and " The moon grew on ' Joskin's ' upturned face."

Gilbert and Sullivan

A Biography. By Hesketh Pearson. (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)

W. S. Gilbert believed himself to be a poet, though there is nothing to justify this view either in his libretti or his turgid blank verse plays. The eighteenth century with its love of truth to nature and dislike of whatever passes the bounds of probability and commonsense—the age which gave us " Sir Roger de Coverley," and " The Beggars' Opera"—would likewise have denied the title of " humourist " to the creator of that world of fantastic topsy-turveydom wherein the proletariat talk like Dr. Johnson, where bishops seek to convert Jews on omnibuses, and gentlemen take to dancing from Brompton to the City. Addison would have regarded such work as frenzy. Yet having chosen to assume the mantle of poet, Gilbert should have displayed restraint with regard to Shakespeare. Instead he sought to belittle him both in conversation and in a travesty so vapid that even Gilbertian enthusiasts have ceased to revive it. As a wit, one might expect Gilbert to show appreciation of that greater wit—and greater dramatist—Oscar Wilde. Instead he preferred to lend vulgarity a voice, and exploit a profitable prejudice by exhibiting him as " Bunthorn." In the same piece he satirizes the æsthetes who, whatever might be their affectations, appear to us to-day to have stood alone, a solitary phalanx, against that ever-growing army of shopkeepers and industrialists who stood for the uglification of England. Gilbert desired rather to satirize curates than æsthetes, but it would not have paid, so he refrained. The Elizabethan dramatists were coarse but never vulgar; Gilbert was always vulgar but never coarse —on the stage, that is to say. It was not business. His

vulgarity reveals itself everywhere. While courting the milkmaid "Patience," "Bunthorn" has been "eating butter by the tablespoon," and so "to-day he is not well." Swift would have said, "So to-day he is as sick as a dog!" which would be coarse, if you will, but not nauseating. Gilbert's gibes against ageing ladies are of the essence of vulgarity. "Spreading is the parting straight," and "There will be too much of me in the coming by and by." He was a man with a vein of cruelty, which, though it may not have shown itself by overt acts, is there sure enough for all who care to see, in the "Yarn of the Nancy Brig" and "The Mikado"—He is said to have been put off his lunch by the thought that perhaps, after all, the criminal Crippin might *not* be hanged!

Gilbert satirized nobility, but, from *altruistic* motives, accepted a knighthood. In a word, and *meo arbitrio*, he was a man without standpoint or ideals, gods or loyalties. He had nothing to express except a personality, and that was odious. These are my reflections; they must in no case be mistaken for those of Mr. Hesketh Pearson. Mr. Pearson's volume I have read with delight. It abounds in witty reflections, sound character-drawing, and reasoned judgments. His object is not to criticize the work of either of his protagonists, but to recreate their characters, making them live, and showing—which he does with masterly, psychological insight—the interplay of their characters. Witty comments may be culled at random from this entertaining volume. "The Englishman is perhaps the only man in the world who can laugh at himself; add music to the satire, and he brings the house down, for music removes the sting of reality." Or this, of the receipts of "Ruddigore": "It was what the Savoy partners called a failure, that is to say, Gilbert made seven thousand pounds out of the original run, Sullivan made more because of the sale of his music, and Carte made most because having only financed instead of creating it, he naturally made most."

When occasion arises, Mr. Pearson displays great evo-

cative power in descriptive writing. Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay have taken Sullivan to Italy, in the hope that the beauty of Lake Como may inspire him with some noble composition. "But the soft air of the place made him lazy, and it was impossible to think of oratorios when the sun was shining or when the still water gave back the moon's reflection, and the mountains stood around like guardian ghosts, and the lights of the villages twinkled in the distance, and the sound of mandolines came from the boats that specked the glassy surface of the lake."

In very different vein is the account of Gilbert's first appearance, before he had discovered his true field, in the rôle of barrister.

"The first delinquent was an Irish woman, charged with stealing a coat, and the moment Gilbert was on his legs she decided that he was not there for her good.

"'Ah, ye devil, sit down!' she shouted. 'Don't listen to him, yer honner! He's known in all the slums of Liverpool! Sit down, ye spalpeen! He's as drunk as a lord, yer honner, begging yer lordship's pardon!' Every attempt he made to speak was drowned by her eloquence, and at last he threw himself upon the protection of the Recorder, who was too helpless with laughter to interfere."

Mr. Pearson shows us Gilbert in the rôle of stage-manager insisting rightly on faultless elocution from his artistes. Would that we had a dozen Gilberts for this purpose to-day! In my experience, provided the words of her song be rubbish, the artiste sings them with clarity, but let the words be excellent, let them be those say of Robert Bridges, or an Elizabethan lyrist, and she will "sing with a frog in her throat," from an affectation which is as exasperating as the cause of it is difficult to understand.

Besides Gilbert and Sullivan we get glimpses of many of their famous contemporaries in this volume. We find Kaiser Wilhelm II singing, "He polished up the handle of the big front door," somewhat "to Sullivan's dis-

comfort." One sees the Prince Consort tipping the child Sullivan half-a-guinea. "From the moment when the Prince Consort tipped him half-a-guinea he never looked back, and the tipping became mutual. They bestowed honours and decorations on him; he wrote marches and Te Deums for them."

We see Toole scoring off Gilbert in conversation—a rare feat! "Gilbert's reputation as a litigant was considerable, and when J. L. Toole called at his new home the comedian's first words on alighting from the carriage were: 'Here I am at last! I was afraid if I put it off any longer you'd bring an action against me.'"

Mr. Hesketh Pearson thus sums up the inter-relations of librettist and musician: "It would no doubt be true to say that, while Gilbert was the more remarkable personality, Sullivan was the rarer artist; but it would also be true to say that, while neither can be described as great without the other, together they are unique. And here we perceive the futility of comparing their individual merits and the cause of their inseparable gift. The strength was Gilbert's, the sweetness was Sullivan's, each providing his partner with something he lacked. Gilbert kindled the fire of genius in Sullivan, whose flames irradiated Gilbert."

Having read this book with enjoyment I remain unshaken in the personal impression of Gilbert which I recorded at the opening of this brief review.

KENNETH HARE.

Fiction

VICTORIA GLENCAIRN. By GLENDA SPOONER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
BRIGHTER BONDAGE. By CLAUDIA PARSONS. (Chatto and Windus.)
WHAT THE SWEET HELL? By PETER CHAMBERLAIN. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)
ZULU PARACLETE. By LEONARD BARNES. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)
LAST DAYS WITH CLEOPATRA. By JACK LINDSAY. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.)
LAND OF WOMEN. By KATHARINA VON DOMBROWSKI. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

THE victory of Waterloo was celebrated in England for forty-five successive years, so we may expect the clash of the war- and

post-war generations to occupy novelists for another twenty-eight. This is not to complain, but to apply a fact of history to the current novel. Miss Spooner has taken a Scotch girl, born in 1897, of a wealthy landed family, and has traced her growth to the present day. The young Victoria was a self-willed rebellious young person whom neither parents nor governess could manage, and who found in school her first escape. In the war she worked on the land, and first became aware of the deeper simplicities by assisting a short-handed tenant at the birth of a foal. This experience of reality was spoiled for her by the horror of her parents, who said that she would be outlawed if the fact were known. The experience is well conveyed, but to a southerner the parents seem here incredible. Then she goes on the stage, and into advertising, and then journalism, and finally becomes the mistress of a likeable but promiscuous man who leaves her unresentful at the climax of her emotions because he is determined to remain free. The aim of the story appears to be to show that there are affectionate women who can remain affectionate without being possessive. The author, I think, has more intelligence than imagination, and will probably confine herself to problems rather than to the evocation of human character. For the sake of its end, of which I have omitted the conclusion, the book's ambition deserves praise.

Miss Claudia Parsons' " Brighter Bondage " is in the form of an autobiography, and it is more like an autobiography than fiction—most of the time. Antonia loses her husband and most of her comfortable income together. Her adventures in different jobs—teaching English in Sweden, reading Shakespeare to an American, conducting a rich woman to Tangier, driving colonials round this country, and a stay in the Latin Quarter are the chief. All are possible and convincing, but similar derelicts should note that Antonia's best posts were obtained through her friends. A much chequered love-story is well insinuated. Whether fiction or fact, it makes excellent light reading, and excellent light reading is rare.

The twenty-six ingredients of " What the Sweet Hell ?" are not short stories, but snapshots. The subject of each is usually a passing mood or state of mind, and so soon as this has been focussed the shutter clicks. The form to me is an irritating one for, if the mood seems trivial, the reader has been teased; and, if it holds him, he wants more—a story. Many are in monologue, in order to give the stream of unspoken thoughts passing through

the subject's mind. A boy dreading an interview, a motor cyclist's sensations during a reliability trial, are examples; but the best are one describing the complete change produced by leaving school in a boy's attitude to his erstwhile feelings for another, and the long soliloquies of a girl and her brother when the latter learns from her that she has resolved upon an illegal operation. Emotional crises are worth exploring, but the author is too often content with trivial moods. In regard to the former, I submit that the only satisfying exploration is narrative: a story that moves from its point of departure. At all events the best of these snapshots are those that approximate to narrative.

Mr. Leonard Barnes's description of life on a farm in Zululand is as much poem and essay as novel. There are beautiful touches in his book. Two men, unhappy at their demobilization, and missing sorely those unselfish satisfactions that war can give, leave their London offices for South Africa. Their experiences culminate in a profound feeling for the natives, and one of them determines to recover well-being, "the kind of garland about the brow of constructive work," by devoting himself to the cause of the dispossessed natives. The people, the country, the animals, the weather, come to life in these pages, which only a poet could have written, a poet with true insight as well.

The conclusion of Mr. Jack Lindsay's trilogy, "Last Days with Cleopatra," is scarcely an historical novel by itself. His large intention is explained in his preface, which makes this a philosophic appendage to the two others. Cleopatra and Anthony are the background of this story, in which the love-tale of Victor, a slave, and of Daphne, daughter of an Alexandrian scholar, is the main theme. The pair is taken as a microcosm of the drama that Mr. Lindsay has previously treated in the preceding fortunes of Rome. The lovers move through a procession of pictures to display the life of the pagan world. It is not free from the defect of illustrating a thesis, but one of its best qualities is the growth of Victor's character, under severe though normal strain, from weak vacillation to poise and endurance.

Several books lately have been concerned with Central or Southern America, but none more ambitiously than "Land of Lost Women." This huge book gives a vivid and frightful picture of Paraguay in the sixties under the dictator Lopez and his Irish-French mistress, Mme. Lynch. The book would be too long, too crowded, too confusing, were each chapter not self-contained. Its effect is like a vast painted ceiling packed with figures. Evi-

dently written at first hand by one long familiar with the country, it reveals races, customs, cruelties and simplicities too remote from us for easy judgments to be passed. To read it is a valuable experience. It makes these republics startling real.

OSBERT BURDETT.

An Aristocrat

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT APPONYI. (Heinemann. 16s.)

COUNT APPONYI begins his book with a lively description of his grandmother, who was a contemporary of Marie Antoinette, so his reminiscences have a cultural span of a hundred and fifty years. " I believe I have to thank her for my longevity, for this is traditional in her branch of the Zichy family." Albert Apponyi observed the tradition faithfully, until two years ago he caught influenza at Geneva, where he was acting with unimpaired mental vigour as leading delegate for Hungary at the age of eighty-seven.

Reluctant parents sent him to school rather late, and he was placed in the higher of the two classes of a new Jesuit college, which grew by replenishing these classes as the elder boys moved up. " Thus I always belonged to the highest class," says Apponyi with latent humour, a little wistfully perhaps, for the circumstance was characteristic of a life which was spent in the company of the highest class. He regards this as disqualifying a man for the greatest feats of practical achievement, saying of Mussolini, whom he liked and admired, " he shared the bitterness of poor intellectuals fighting for their material existence . . . Theoretically we (the upper classes) know that there are poorer classes, and busy ourselves in their interest. . . . He alone is entitled vigorously to preach patience and a refusal of the idea of revolution who can say to the masses : ' I know your distress, for it has been mine.' "

Count Apponyi was never a party man. As a young Liberal he was suspect because he went to Mass; when the Horthy régime suppressed communism he was held to be no Christian because he refused to partake in the persecution of the Jews.

Although he must have exercised great influence in internal politics, his main work was as his country's spokesman abroad. He visited America three times, but friendly meetings with important statesmen of a foreign country are always much of a muchness. Of far greater interest is the account of his experiences

in Paris as head of the Hungarian delegation in 1920. Apponyi contrasts Abraham Lincoln's firmness in resisting popular clamour for the subjection of the South with the conduct of the Allies at Versailles, and on the human side recounts some anecdotes, in which the affection of the Hungarian delegates for one another, although not expressed, comes out in a very moving way.

Apponyi was a devout Catholic, and may have found consolation for his sorrows as a patriot in the sensational advance of his Church. He considers that this has been assisted by technical inventions. The Church which was shaken by the invention of printing is recovering her dominion by the use of radio. He was also a native of a country whose folk melodies have, more than any other, permeated the great music of Europe, and he held that "the purely human side of life, including art of all kinds, takes precedence of politics."

BRIAN LUNN.

Dollfuss

DOLLFUSS AND HIS TIMES. By J. D. GREGORY. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

IN the final chapter of his always interesting and, at times, deeply moving book, Mr. Gregory tells us that its object "has been to prove a fact that in the centre of Europe there persists an idea which, for lack of a better name, is called Austria, and that this idea was embodied in a single little man, called Dollfuss, as before him it had been embodied in a single dynasty." In so far as he concerns himself with painting a portrait of the "Millimetternich" against a background of that distinctively Austrian and wholly Catholic culture of which he was such a charming representative, he has been notably successful. It is only when he plunges into controversial matters which are agitating not only the best minds, but also the best *hearts* in Europe, that his lack of detachment may exasperate those who differ from him, and embarrass those who think as he does. Such phrases as "the Socialist menace" belong more to the vocabulary of the propagandist than of the historian. They are cancelled out by similar phrases, like "The Fascist Peril" and the "Nazi Terror," and have no effect save to arouse a suspicion in the reader's mind that he is being treated to a bit of special pleading. Writing of the murder of Dollfuss, Mr. Gregory asks whether it is conceivable "that there will ever be placed at the disposal of the historian of the future any document, indeed

any evidence, which will exculpate Herr Hitler at the bar of history from the judgment: morally responsible for the murder of Engelbert Dollfuss"? Mr. Gregory is evidently a great admirer of Mussolini, to whose "innate chivalry" he refers, but he does not tell us what documents or evidence will exculpate the Duce, at the bar of history, from the judment: "morally responsible for the murder of Matteotti." It is, unfortunately, the fact that there hardly exists a leading statesmen in Europe to-day, however innately chivalrous in his private life, who can escape being held "morally responsible" for countless acts of violence. In 1921, even our own Mr. Lloyd George, surely the most genial of old gentlemen, authorized that policy of "reprisals" in Ireland which was carried out so efficaciously by the "Black and Tans." The history of Europe since 1914 has provided such a long-continued orgie of madness and massacre that little is to be gained by partisan vituperation. What the reader looks for in a book so able and well-documented as Mr. Gregory's is a dispassionate revelation of first causes. Austria's great little Chancellor had to deal with a situation of baffling complexity, which was none of his making. That he faced his task with disinterested devotion, carried it out, according to his lights, with honesty and unflinching courage, and died nobly, are facts which Mr. Gregory shows to be beyond the reach of controversy. Not the least shining of Dollfuss' many virtues was that of toleration. Alas, it was one in which the circumstances of his time did not always permit him to indulge.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Queen Goneril

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN ANNE. Edited by BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

"THE EARL OF OXFORD was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this! And how does fortune banter us!" So wrote Bolingbroke to Swift; while one of the former's more ribald followers affixed the following verses to the dead Queen's statute in front of St. Paul's Cathedral:—

"Brandy-faced Nan
Has left us in the lurch;
Her face to the brandy-shop,
Her back to the church."

What manner of woman was this, the most important act in whose life was the singularly inopportune moment of leaving it?

This volume supplies the answer. Both the industry and scholarship of Miss Curtis Brown are apparent on every page, and she has very wisely made her work definitive by the inclusion of a number of official documents. A book of this nature is quite useless unless it gives the background against which the collected letters were written, and to do this it is essential to include material which is not strictly personal in character. The editing is admirable, and the volume should appeal to the specialist and to the general reader alike.

Praise of the way in which these letters have been edited does not, however, connote sympathy with their writer. Previous to their publication Anne had been considered a colourless, if well-intentioned individual, but they show her in a very different, and far more unpleasant, light. While James II was still on the throne she was collecting every bit of scandal for the delectation of her sister and brother-in-law in Holland, and she stops at nothing to villify her stepmother, Mary of Modena. "One thing I must say of the Queen, which is that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people. . . . She pretends to have a great deal of kindness to me, but I doubt it is not real." The Declaration of Indulgence prompted her to the charitable reflection, "Every one has the free exercise of their religion, on purpose, no doubt, to ruin us." When she hears that the Queen is pregnant she does all she can to poison her sister's mind:—

> "Her (i.e. the Queen) being so positive it will be a son, and the principles of that religion being such that they will stick at nothing, be it never so wicked, if it will promote their interest, give some cause to fear there may be foul play intended. I will do all I can to find it out, if it be so: and if I should make any discovery, you shall be sure to have an account of it."

This promise was fulfilled in a letter which for sheer nastiness would be difficult to parallel. Anne, to her great sorrow, was not in London when the future James III was born, but she industriously set down all the tittle-tattle she could assemble, though the cumulative effect is thoroughly to discredit the warming-pan story.

As soon as William was seated on his usurped throne Anne loosed all her venom on him. "The monster is capable of doing nothing but injustice," she wrote to Lady Marlborough. At the same time she writes a hypocritical letter to her exiled father, offering her duty and submission, and saying "if wishes would recall what is past I had long since redeemed my fault." She

even had the audacity to write to Mary of Modena, "Your Majesty may be assured that . . . my past actions have given the greatest testimony of my respect both for the King and you."

The later letters show Anne in a somewhat more favourable light, though she clearly never knew what course to adopt, particularly with regard to the question of the succession. She hated her Guelph cousins, she would have no dealings with her brother, and she would not take the necessary steps to ensure that on her death the country should enjoy that Tory government in which she really believed. So, for want of that lead which the monarch alone could give, her dominions were suffered to pass under the domination of a German princeling and a rapacious Whig oligarchy. The historian will welcome this volume, but for the reputation of Queen Anne it had better not have been published.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Modern Sex Theories

SEX AND REVOLUTION. By ALEC CRAIG. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1934.) Pp. 139. 4s. 6d. net.)

ACCORDING to whether it is critically valuing the past and our conventional treatment of marriage, concubinage and sexual freedom, or advocating supposed desirable reforms in this conventional treatment, this book rouses two very different sets of feelings. In the former task Mr. Craig is generally so rational and sound that he commands our approval. In the latter, however, he so often works according to a too hastily accepted modernist programme, that he appears suddenly to lose his acuteness. Nothing could be more admirable, for instance, than his historical perspective, particularly his discussion of the small family in English life. In his analysis of Christian influence, also, he is everywhere alert and penetrating; while his chapter on English Family Law is notable for its fairness and its constant display of independent and enlightened judgment. But the revolutionary section of the book, where new principles are propounded, apparently with great caution, is disappointing, and enthusiasm seems to have veiled the author's eyes. He says, for instance, that "sexual love can very properly be separated from the propagation of children," and further allusions to this principle (pp. 105,

137) force the reader to conclude that he approves of it. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, at bottom, this principle is based on a wholly monomorphic view of sex, and that, a masculine one. Apparently he is not aware of the fact that it can be justified only from a standpoint which accepts as justified, desirable and belonging to the realm of things eternal, the acute masculine accent over the whole of sex-life to-day. Can he have been misled by the very great number of women of supposed first-class ability who have accepted this principle? If once, however, Mr. Craig appreciated the impossibility of such a separation, except under the proviso that only the male's sexual functions require adaptation—a conclusion he would reject—he would immediately condemn this modernist principle, lock, stock and barrel.

Another example of his lack of vigilance in dealing with the modernist's sexual programme is his approval of abortion, based, as it evidently is, on a too hasty acceptance of Victor Margueritte's lying slogan, "*Ton corps est à toi.*" In his argument for legalized abortion he says: "The only person to be the ultimate judge (whether or not the forming child should be born) is the woman herself." And presumably on the basis of Margueritte's slogan, or something like it, he takes this for granted. The matter cannot be discussed here with much thoroughness; but to attack the principle through its implied justification—"*Ton corps est à toi*"—is to shatter it completely. Because *Ton corps n'est pas à toi*, and never can be wherever there is a convention enforced by law that a man or woman's disablement shall normally create a burden for his or her able-bodied neighbours. Given a nature so individualistic that he or she repudiates pity, compassion, or gregarious solidarity of any kind, to the extent of insisting in trouble and disablement on being left absolutely alone—if necessary to die; such a person could logically claim, "*Mon corps est à moi.*" But in order to establish even this claim without a flaw he or she would have to provide for death and decomposition in such a way that the neighbour suffered no loss, expense or trouble in disposing of the body. And the same objection applies to another of Mr. Craig's too hasty acceptances of modernist thought. He suggests that we should recognize the principle that the sex life of responsible adults is their own concern except where offspring have to be protected. That this cannot be true is surely apparent from the above! If *ton corps* cannot be *à toi* to do as you like with (and the implication of Margueritte's trashy slogan is that it is

yours to do as you like with), then *a fortiori*, *vos corps* cannot be *à vous* to do as you like with. Thus it would seem as if the modernist's sociology should be subjected to searching criticism from the standpoint of physiology and biology; because, while health and vitality suffer disasters enough in the attempt to lead a normal life, it would seem foolhardy, if not actually insane, deliberately to incur more disasters in these days of mutual help imposed by law, through interfering fundamentally with natural sex adaptation. And no interference could be more serious as regards the female than separating sexual love from the propagation of children and interrupting pregnancy. Many more of Mr. Craig's points call for careful criticism, but unfortunately there is no space.

ANTHONY LUDOVICI.

Books Recommended

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION. OSBERT BURDETT. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d.)

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES. Vol. 2. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 18s.)

ARNOLD BENNETT. DOROTHY CHESTON BENNETT. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DICKENS. HIS LETTERS TO HER. (Constable 10s.)

THE GENIUS OF THE VATICAN. ROBERT SENCOURT. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

WITH HORACE PLUNKETT IN IRELAND. R. A. ANDERSON. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

RUSSIAN BALLETS. ADRIAN STOKES. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)

POEMS OF TO-MORROW. Edited by JANET ADAM SMITH. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

CAPTAIN COOK. Lt.-Commander R. T. GOULD. (Duckworth. 2s.)

PEACE BY ORDEAL. THE ANGLO-IRISH TREATY. FRANK PAKENHAM. (Cape. 15s.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT. GINA KAUS. (Cassell. 10s.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE King reviews this month each of the Three Armed Services of the Crown, the Royal Air Force at Mildenhall and Duxford, the Army at Aldershot and the Fleet at Spithead, and last but not least the Police in Hyde Park. It is the first time that the Royal Air Force as a separate force has appeared at a Royal Review of this nature " all on its very own " and it will be a red-letter day in its history. Naturally the Senior Services have been reviewed by many monarchs but this again will be the first that the Army as a mechanised force or that the Navy with its Fleet Air Arm flying past will have that honour.

At the Naval Review about 70 ships of the Royal Navy, Mediterranean, Home and Reserve Fleets will assemble at Spithead and after the Review the Battle Fleet will go to sea for exercises. We have had greater Fleet Reviews than this in point of numbers, and it is hoped the Government will take note of the coming Japanese Naval Manœuvres, which begin this month and carry on for six weeks till well into September, in strange contrast to our Naval Manœuvres which generally last a few days.

The Japanese Manœuvres are really those of their Grand Fleet, for there will be engaged in them seven first-class battleships, twenty-three cruisers, 64 destroyers, 40 submarines, five aircraft carriers and tenders, that is 139 ships in all with over three hundred naval aircraft.

The scale of these Manœuvres is very large, from the Kurile Islands in the North to the South Sea Islands, that is to say the whole line of approach of any hostile fleet seeking engagement in Japanese waters.

* * *

I HAVE never heard the English climate—weather is a much more accurate word—more anathematised than during the past month. Having had no winter, we are now having no summer, and friends of mine have had fires frequently in their sitting rooms, in the month of June. The pessimists shake their heads about the future of the holiday months, the optimists predict a heat-wave of great intensity to counterbalance the cold winds of May and June. Well, if it is any consolation, I was in New York City a few years before the war when it snowed on Independence Day. To sum up, three wiseacres in the train declared that sun-spots were responsible for the Quetta earthquake, and that these sun-spots were also responsible for the present weather conditions, and at once drew the conclusion that the earthquake was the evil cause of the weather's vagaries. Their knowledge of formal logic was not great, comparable to the fallacy that all birds are black because crows are black and are also birds.

But incidentally the weather has been responsible for much damage to the prospects of shooting later on. Young grouse, partridges and pheasants suffered severely from the April and May frosts and cold, particularly the grouse and partridges. This year in a number of localities, the birds, pressed for food and

by the weather, left the hills and came down into strath and glen, and in one case some birds perched on the dwellings of humble Highlanders, an unusual tameness for birds which are so easily frightened. It is said that a covey of partridges have been made tame, which surely must be very rare, for the domesticity of the partridge is not great, and even hen-reared partridges soon become quite wild. This tame covey of partridges which were, by-the-bye, in Sussex, were actually driven by road out of the county into London for a wager, although their wings were full-grown and they were quite free.

Perhaps the most famous case of birds being driven by road was on the occasion of the big bet, made in 1740 by Lord Orford, that his geese would beat the Duke of Queensbury's turkeys in a road match between Norwich and London. Lord Orford won easily by over two days, the cause of victory being that the geese kept to the road at a steady pace, whereas the turkeys, as evening approached, flew to roost in trees alongside the road, and were very difficult to dislodge. The turkeys slept much longer than the geese.

* * *

AT the mention of the word " cruising " what glamour and romance is conjured up in our minds. We at once visualize those moonlight nights of dancing on a liner's rose-lit deck, the blue Mediterranean and sunny foreign shores.

In the heart of the Britisher is the call of the sea. His island home, with all its beauty and attractiveness, holds not for him the same pull as that exercised by the restless waters around its coasts. He was born " sea-conscious." Until a year or two ago he found little facility with which to satisfy this desire; the boarding house records of those particular towns known as " sea-side resorts " show how, for the most part, he had to be content to spend what leisure time he could command in periodical visits to those towns which, by their very position, supplied his need. To-day he finds it possible to change his holiday completely. Sea cruising, with its fun, educational advantages, and care-free atmosphere, is now firmly established. Many have been inclined to ask how such a comprehensive holiday can be provided by the shipping companies at such reasonable rates. The answer goes back to 1931. At that time an icy blast cut through the shipping industry which threatened at one period to shrivel up its very life-blood; but, instead, it miraculously fanned into being a new scheme for the employing of laid-up vessels and laid-off seamen, by supplying low-priced holidays that would at least recover the operating costs. The experiment fully justified its trial. In a single season thousands of folk left the British Isles in cruising ships—and the idea definitely " caught on." It developed from a fashion to a habit and now the number of cruise-goers rises annually; it is, indeed, difficult at times for the shipping authorities to satisfy the demand.

The attractions of modern ship life and the foreign ports and all the hundred and one things implied by the term " cruise " are well-nigh irresistible; there is a compelling charm in the delightful and ever-new contrast between life aboard and life ashore. Right from embarkation hour a new world opens out for the cruise member. The new companionships which develop immediately are a source of happiness; things happen differently from their accustomed routine on land; the ship life has a way of turning them about and new aspects are presented. There is always such an astonishing selection of deck games, sports and activities of all kinds; entertainments, dancing, swimming, sun-bathing, and treasure hunting, to mention but a few; then the fashion parades and gala nights when everybody makes " whoopee "; the horse-racing and beauty competitions; every conceivable diversion for every possible mood and whim. And

the ship is yours from stem to stern, its decks, public rooms, and, yes, even the engine room can be seen.

There are numerous quiet spots where the less active can recline as he watches the patterns of sun and shade move silently from deck to deck; from sun-up to sun-down the happy infectious laughter of the big cruise family sweeps through the length and breadth of our floating hotel, gliding serenely into the southern sunshine. A word about the cuisine. This is always an outstanding feature of a cruising holiday. Varied and plentiful, it caters for the fastidious taste and the healthy appetite—and cruise appetites can be very healthy. The chef takes a pardonable pride in his exquisitely served dishes, while the chief steward sees to it that the quantity equals the quality.

This year's programme of cruises by Canadian Pacific liners is notable in its presentation of an unusual number and variety of ports of call. The *Montclare* and *Montrose*, both cabin ships of modern design and appointment, operate alternately on the Mediterranean "run," and many of these popular nine to thirteen-days' cruises include no fewer than five foreign calls. These calls allow ample time for the many sightseeing jaunts arranged for cruise members, while for those wishing to stroll around, sampling the gay life of the various cities, a generous allotment of time has been set aside in each port. The Mediterranean routes give the holiday-makers an opportunity of selecting such alluring place-names as Tangier, Lisbon, Barcelona (a particular favourite), Casablanca, Tarragona, Algiers, Majorca, Teneriffe, and many others of like appeal. All the romance and colour of Spain, the mysterious charm of Morocco, and the infinite variety of southern nationality and creed, can be glimpsed in a cruise touching these interesting ports.

The Atlantic ocean is also calling loudly this year. And the response, judging by the already lengthy tour arrangements, will be large and enthusiastic. Such a tour embraces the delights of a cruise with those of an inland holiday. The first few days aboard one of the Canadian Pacific "Duchess" steamships make a splendid beginning with their gay social life and healthy deck activity. The sports and competitions are almost as numerous as those on the cruise ships. And then, after entering the famous Saint Lawrence river and gliding quietly up to Quebec, where a quaint old-world flavour still hangs over the picturesque turrets of the Chateau Frontenac and the Old Town sleeping beneath, we commence a journey through Canada from the east to the west, rising at last to the snow-capped heights of the famous Rocky mountains; a never-to-be-forgotten panorama of beauty. There are shorter tours to Canada also, and most of them include a day in the United States. In three weeks or a month one can see Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, the mighty spectacle of Niagara, and New York, and all on the "inclusive rate" principle. A great point about these Canadian Pacific tours is that an experienced conductor accompanies the party out and back, and is personally responsible for the comfort and well-being of his charges. The call of the sea this year is being heeded as never before and the age-old urge of the Britisher is finding a satisfaction complete and lasting. The sea-holiday has come to stay.

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